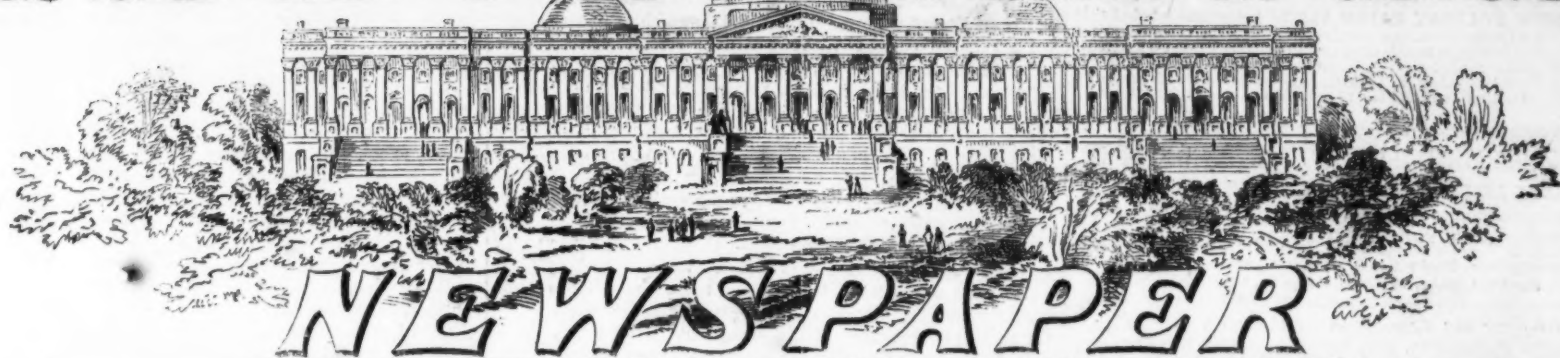


FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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No. 320—Vol. XIII.]

NEW YORK, JANUARY 11, 1862.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

NOTICE—BE CAREFUL TO OPEN THIS PAPER BEFORE CUTTING.

Our New Volume for 1862.

THE New Year opens with many and signal proofs of the public appreciation of our efforts to instruct and please. The subscriptions to the new Volume are *threefold in excess of any previous year*, and our circulation now more than equals that of all the other pictorial papers of the country combined. This unparalleled increase is in great part due to the number, accuracy and excellence of our Illustrations of the War, now amounting to upwards of Six Hundred in number! We are giving this feature of the paper a special prominence, as an essential part of the History of the War. This paper alone had its artists at Wilson's Creek, Lexington and Belmont, and their representations of these bloody struggles must stand as the only accurate records of them, to the latest time. Calling attention again to our reduced terms for single subscriptions and the inducements to Clubs, we wish all and sundry of our readers a HAPPY NEW YEAR!

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MRS. RICKETTS.

We have the pleasure to-day of paying a tribute to womanly courage and devotion in presenting the portrait of Mrs. Ricketts, wife of Captain Ricketts of the United States artil-



MRS. RICKETTS, WIFE OF CAPT. RICKETTS, U. S. A., LATE PRISONER OF WAR IN RICHMOND.

lery, who was severely wounded at the battle of Bull Run, and who, after losing his 1st Lieutenant and more than half his company in the field, was himself made prisoner and conveyed to Richmond. His wife, who was in Washington at the time of that unfortunate battle, immediately joined him in captivity for the purpose of nursing him, and she has since

then shared his captivity. Captain Ricketts was lately exchanged for Captain Delaguel, of the rebel service, who has just been appointed to the command of Craney Island, James river.

Captain Ricketts is a native of Elizabeth, New Jersey, and the return of himself and wife on the 20th of December to that city, where his family has long resided, was made the occasion of a very gratifying reception. He is still very feeble, being much crippled with his wound.

THE REBELS EXHIBITING THE NATIONAL PRISONERS AT RICHMOND.

THE wife of an officer who had the misfortune to be wounded and taken prisoner at Bull Run, but who has just been exchanged, sends us some interesting records of her experiences there, in the shape of illustrations and comments. Among them is a life-like sketch of Lieutenant Thomas Hamblin, a son of the well-known actor, who sits very philosophically waiting for the return of humanity to our Cabinet, evidenced by an exchange of prisoners, or for some signs of life in General McClellan's mammoth army. This, with several others, we regret our space will not allow us to publish. We have, however, made room for a sketch which represents Jefferson Davis as a showman, a Barnum without his enterprise or his humanity. Revolting and incredible as the scene may appear, it is strictly correct. The instances are unfortunately far too numerous, and the evidence far too exact to permit us to doubt for a moment, that both in New Orleans and Richmond the National prisoners have been exposed to a treatment similar to that which the Chinese barbarians mete out to their captives, in the way of public exhibition. It is also remarkable that the rebels, male and female, of South Carolina, although "the head and front of the offending," should have shown more humanity than either



EXHIBITION OF NATIONAL PRISONERS, IN THE HOSPITAL AT RICHMOND, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY WM. B. BROWN.

the much vaunted Virginians or the Louisianians. The descendants of the Cavaliers seem to have been especially brutal, for even well-dressed women in Richmond have been known to insult the National prisoners by remarks and gesticulations more worthy of the Five Points than F. F. V's. It will require all our Northern magnanimity not to avenge these when the day of reckoning shall arrive, as arrive it must.

Barnum's American Museum.

THE NEW HOLIDAY FAIRY PIECE being presented at this house every afternoon and evening, is really the most beautiful and fascinating ever seen in this city, and everybody should witness it. It is worth double the price of admission, to say nothing of the Living Whale, Living Hippopotamus, Aquaria, &c., &c., all of which are to be seen at the same time, and all for 25 cts. No wonder the Museum is crowded.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Publisher.—E. G. SQUIER, Editor.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 11, 1861.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

Dealers supplied and subscriptions received for FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, also, FRANK LESLIE'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR OF 1861, by J. A. KNIGHT, 100 Fleet Street, London, England. Single copies always on sale.

Frank Leslie's War Maps.

JUST ISSUED, a splendid sheet of War Maps, eight folio pages, embracing not only a General Map of the Seat of War in the Southern and Border States, but also Detailed Maps of the localities of the principal events of the War, Plans of Battles, Forts, etc. It is the most comprehensive publication of the kind ever issued. Price Six Cents. Five Copies sent by mail for 25 Cents. See Advertisement on last page.

The Surrender of Mason and Slidell.

THE pretext so eagerly seized on by Great Britain for hostile intervention in the affairs of this country, namely, the capture of the rebel Commissioners, Mason and Slidell, on board the British mail steamer Trent, has been removed by the surrender of these persons, under orders from the Government in Washington, in compliance with the British demand. That no such compliance was anticipated or desired by Great Britain is evident, from the extensive warlike preparations in her ports and arsenals, and from the concerted efforts of the Ministerial press to rouse the popular prejudice and animosity against the United States. The selfishness of Manchester, the dread of Republican Institutions by the aristocracy, the hope of breaking down the strength of a great maritime rival, and the impulse of revenging past grievances, imaginary or real, at a time when the strength of the Nation is divided, all these impulses and considerations, all equally base and cowardly, inspired the issue raised by the British Government. That Government did not appreciate the self-control or capacity of abasement of our own. It believed that we still retained the spirit which led us to a declaration of war in 1812 for the vindication of a principle, and that preferring "death to dishonor," we would indignantly repel a demand coming in the form of an ultimatum, in a case which certainly admitted of a great deal being said on the American side.

Under every principle of public law, as established, defined and expounded by Great Britain herself, we had a right to seize the Trent, which was notoriously engaged in carrying dispatches and other contrabands of war, in violation of the Queen's Proclamation; but from considerations of generosity we allowed her to proceed, simply taking from her certain subjects of the United States, guilty of the highest crimes, therein only exercising a right which Great Britain has always claimed to exercise, even on board the National ships of other nations, a right for which she went to war with us in 1812, and which, as late as 1843, she refused to surrender.

We do not propose, however, to go into discussion of the abstract question of our rights at this time. It is enough to know that we have yielded a ready acquiescence to the British demand, and have thus removed the present pretext for a premeditated war. How far this shall prove to have been sound policy remains to be seen. If it do not encourage England to new and more arrogant assumptions and demands, she will, for the first time, disregard her treacherous instincts and prove false to her traditions. It may take her some months to devise another pretext for intervention and war; and meantime the Government probably hopes the rebellion will be so far broken, that we can afford to assert our manhood when next she attempts to impose on our presumed weakness and want of preparation. We trust that time will vindicate the soundness of this policy, and that our Government, profiting by the bitter lesson just taught it, will either drive from place the incubi which weigh down and paralyze the National army, or inspire them with vigor and action, so as to remove the existing temptation for foreign powers to interfere in our affairs, or presume on our embarrassments. If we are compelled to eat dirt, let us improve the disgusting process to our profit.

The correspondence between the American and English Governments, in relation to the affair in question, has been published. It is far too long to be reproduced in these columns, and involves too many points to admit of recapitulation in the limited space available to us at this late hour. On the 30th of November, about the time the news of the affair of the Trent reached England, and before its effect could be known, Mr. Seward wrote to our Minister in London, stating the circumstance, and adding that, in the capture of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, "Commander Wilkes acted without instructions." Before this letter could reach England, and in fact under a corresponding date, Lord Russell wrote to Lord Lyons, recounting the circumstances of the capture as related by the officers of the Trent—outrageously false in many particulars—and instructing him to

demand such redress as alone could satisfy the British Nation, namely: "The liberation of the four gentlemen, and their delivery to your lordship, in order that they may again be placed under British protection, and a suitable apology for the aggression which has been committed."

This letter was communicated to Mr. Seward by Lord Lyons, and was replied to by that gentleman, under date of December 26, in a long letter, correcting the errors of fact presented in the *ex parte* statement of Lord Russell, and setting forth that there was and could be no intent of insult or premeditated wrong to England, inasmuch as Commodore Wilkes acted equally without the instructions and knowledge of his Government, and that "the Government neither meditated, nor practised, nor approved any deliberate wrong in the transaction; but, on the contrary, that what happened was simply an inadvertency, consisting in a departure, by the naval officer, free from any wrongful motive, from a rule uncertainly established, and probably, by the several parties concerned, either imperfectly understood, or entirely unknown."

The letter concludes by stating that, although the position now assumed by Great Britain is substantially that which the United States has always maintained, but which has been steadily contested by England, yet that the United States will refrain from citing precedents from British history, but content itself by welcoming without comment the voluntary adhesion of England to a practical revision of the public law. Putting behind him all recriminating suggestions, Mr. Seward concludes his letter as follows:

"I prefer to express my satisfaction that, by the adjustment of the present case upon principles confessedly American, and yet, as I trust, mutually satisfactory to both of the nations concerned, a question is finally and rightly settled between them, which heretofore exhausting not only all forms of peaceful discussion, but also the arbitrament of war itself, for more than half a century alienated the two countries from each other, and perplexed with fears and apprehensions all other nations."

"The four persons in question are now held in military custody at Fort Warren, in the State of Massachusetts. They will be cheerfully liberated. Your Lordship will please indicate a time and place for receiving them."

Lord Lyons acknowledges the receipt of this letter on the 27th of December, and says:

"I will, without any loss of time, forward to Her Majesty's Government a copy of the important communication which you have made to me. I will also without delay do myself the honor to confer with you personally on the arrangements to be made for delivering the four gentlemen to me, in order that they may be placed again under the protection of the British flag."

"Push on the Columns!"

"WHAT is the use to tell me," writes a foreign correspondent, "of your grand expeditions to the Southern coast when the rebels blockade your Capital? How would you regard the operations of England in the Isle of Skye, if the Thames were closed by an enemy at Gravesend?" These two sentences tersely express the effect produced on the general mind of Europe by the posture of affairs before Washington. The protracted blockade of the Potomac, imperfect as it may be, has done more to confirm the notion of the ability of the South to sustain itself than would our loss of a dozen battles. Our inaction, from whatever causes (and we are not going to discuss their sufficiency), has strengthened the notion. Some European publicists affect to believe that we are not in earnest, but, like an estranged man and wife, are engaged in a trial of endurance, to see which will hold out longest. But with a distinct purpose of making up the quarrel ultimately. Others, and by far the greatest number, claim that the separation is established and complete. Had the blockade of the Potomac been raised a month ago, the rebels routed out of their nest at Manassas, and our army victorious and advancing, does anybody suppose that England would have taken her present offensive and hostile attitude?

If our inaction continues much longer, we shall have all the curs of Europe, led by England, snapping at our heels. As observed by our contemporary, the *World*, we have been and are "in just that situation in which we are at the mercy of contingencies—a situation in which we are peculiarly obnoxious to the saying of Napoleon, that 'a moment lost is an opportunity for misfortune.' Thus far events have favored us. But we have no right to count longer upon this immunity." Indeed, our only security is in a mighty forward movement, such as will break the back of the rebellion, and enable us to divert a portion of our strength to the chastisement of impertinent and cowardly foreign interference. The achievement of a great victory on the Potomac, and another in Tennessee, any time within the next thirty days, will be the surest way of averting foreign complications. Concessions never will. Inaction will invite it. If Gen. McClellan be so overwhelmed with the responsibilities of his position, or so consumed by caution that he cannot move, put a man like Harney at the head of the army, and let it loose. We sincerely believe that defeat would be better than longer delay. Why, we have lost more by petty, pointless skirmishes (from which we have always "retired in good order") than would have won or lost a decisive battle! The notion that we are going to accomplish anything decisive by dismembering our army, and banishing its fragments to the desolate sandbanks of the Southern coast, is preposterous, and the nation so regards it. If we hope to save the Union and avert foreign war, the blow which is to assure those results must be delivered straight on the forehead of the rebellion—on the Potomac and in Tennessee. And it must be done quickly. As observed by the *World*:

"When this is once done, and the triumph of the Government becomes a prospective certainty, all our foreign difficulties will speedily vanish. It will be the recognized common interest of all nations to give their moral support to the winning side, so that a solid peace may be secured at the earliest day possible, and the advantages of the old connections with the United States, once prized so highly, be again realized."

The Secretary of State.

THE attempt of the British press to connect the affair of the Trent and Mr. Seward's silly "fortification circular," as part of a concerted attempt to "insult and outrage" Great Britain, is as absurd as it is disingenuous and unfair. The fact is, the capture of Mason and Slidell took the Government and people of the United States as much by surprise as it did those of England. It was neither authorized or anticipated; while Mr. Seward's letter was an ill-considered

but characteristic piece of humbug and clap-trap. If he had reason to believe that our frontier was in danger, it was his duty, and common prudence should have induced him, to apprise the proper authorities privately, and our preparations should have been made as quietly and secretly as possible. But with an itching for notoriety which is a pestilent passion with most of our public men, he must needs parade his circular in the newspapers, producing no effect but that of knocking down the public securities two or three per cent., and stopping off the subscriptions to the popular loan. In fact, the circular was printed before it was sent to the Governors interested, and some of them, if not all, only received it as a slip cut from the newspapers!

It is precisely this tendency to bombast which sometimes takes the form of a ludicrously inflated rhetoric, coupled with a flippant way of treating grave public affairs, not to speak of other and perhaps graver defects, which makes Mr. Seward an eminently unsafe and positively dangerous man in the Department of State, under complications like the present. He was loudest to "pooh-pooh" the rebellion, and with a smile and knowing nod of prescience, predicted that it was a little storm which would blow over in a month or two. And we have no question that he now proclaims blandly, as regards our foreign difficulties, like Sir Charles Coldstream in the play, with the probable addition of a deliberate puff from his cigar, that "there's nothing in it!"

The moribund *London Chronicle* tells a story concerning Mr. Seward, which, but for the circumstance that Mr. Thurlow Weed endeavors to explain it away in a letter to the *Times*, we should regard as a base fabrication of an unscrupulous penny-a-liner, put forth to inflame the minds of the ignorant and unreflecting against the United States. It is to the effect that during the visit of the Prince of Wales to this country, Mr. Seward had an interview with the Duke of Newcastle, who had that youngster in charge, in which he took occasion to say:

"My Lord Duke, either Mr. Lincoln or myself will be next President of the United States. If Mr. Lincoln be chosen, I shall be Secretary, and we are determined to take the first opportunity that presents itself to insult your country." "If you do," was the Duke of Newcastle's answer, "you will bring about a war between the two countries." "Oh, no, there will be no war," was Mr. Seward's rejoinder; "but we will— we must insult you."

We say that Mr. Weed endeavors to explain away the language attributed to Mr. Seward, as "mere idle talk and badinage," which implies, at least, that Mr. Weed detects a *vraisemblance* in the story, which he, above all other men, would be best qualified to recognize. We want no man at the head of our Foreign Affairs who indulges in "idle talk and badinage."

The position held by Mr. Seward in the Cabinet, always responsible, is rendered doubly so by present circumstances. We therefore look to what proceeds from the Department of State with unusual interest. With the same insane thirst for notoriety which we have already alluded to as chronic and characteristic, Mr. Seward has laid before Congress—without, we believe, the decent pretext of a call from either branch—a thick volume, containing his instructions and dispatches to all our Foreign Ministers and Consuls-General, with copious extracts from their reports to the Department. It may be said that our foreign policy is so open and frank, that we have nothing to conceal; but we confess to a strong suspicion of folly in publishing to England "and the rest mankind" all our family secrets and purposes. And we do especially object to the publication of passages like these which we subjoin, in the face of our present avowed policy, supported by the whole material power of the country. We object to the retention in office of a man capable of the windy rhetoric, the gasconade and bluster, the "idle talk and badinage," to which Mr. Seward is notoriously addicted, but especially of a man capable of writing such paragraphs as follow, in his dispatch of April 10th, 1860, to Mr. Adams in London:

"The President willingly accepts the doctrine as true, that the Federal Government cannot reduce the Seceded States to obedience by conquest."

"Only an imperial or despotic government could subjugate thoroughly unaffected and insurrectionary members of the State."

"The President will not aggravate existing evils by attempts at coercion, which must assume the form of direct war against any of the revolutionary States."

Admitting that on the 10th of April the principles and policy here indicated controlled the Cabinet, and that it was right that our Minister in London should know it, how can we characterize the utter stupidity or reckless audacity which would publish them to the world on the 4th of December, when the nation, under the inspiration of the Government, has 650,000 men in arms to vindicate a policy exactly the reverse?

A Change of Plan Necessary.

A REVIEW of our present circumstances and impending complications must convince every reflecting mind that, however wise may have been the policy of surrounding, compressing and slowly suffocating the rebellion, the plan, if not a failure, is no longer feasible. New conditions have arisen. The world will not wait for the deliberate execution of our purposes. Interest, real or supposed, jealousy and hatred, covert or avowed, a thousand influences are active to provoke foreign intervention—and that intervention, we all know, must be hostile to us. Not another soldier should be sent to the Southern coast, where our land forces have accomplished absolutely nothing, but should be retained on the Northern line of operations, to swell the avalanche that is to crush out the strength of the rebellion at those points where alone it can be crushed. Our augmented navy is equal to all useful operations Southward. Events have shown that foreign intervention, on some pretext or other, is not improbable. It can surely be prevented by a great and decisive victory, and such can only be achieved in Virginia or Tennessee. As we are now situated, in event of a war with England or France, our soldiers at Fort Royal, Ship Island and Hatteras will not only be cut off from reinforcement, but almost certain of capture. We may as well look at these contingencies squarely in the face, and shape our conduct accordingly. This is no time for hesitation or delay.

War with England—Prepare!

OUR persistent detractor and hereditary enemy, England, seizing on the moment of our affliction and peril, attempted to strike an assassin's blow at the National life. Leaguely herself with treason, and prostituting her flag to the support of human slavery, she threw off the mask of dissimulation which she had worn for 40 years, and prepared to destroy our commerce and invade our soil. The base pretext which she put forward as a justification for her intervention, has been removed by a humiliating concession. But we all know that her hatred and selfishness will not be long wanting in some other pretext, perhaps less plausible. Yet we firmly believe that God has not carried the Nation through all the dangers of its infancy to permit it to be stricken down in its manhood. The combined "powers of hell" cannot prevail against it. Heaven, however, helps those who help themselves. We can always dash back the power of England as the rock hurls back the wave. But we must adopt means equal to the emergency. Our army now in the field is necessary to grapple with the hydra of rebellion. We must raise a new one to meet the blind tools of a hateful oligarchy. Let the roar of our cannon foundries go up night and day, Sundays and holidays. Let fortifications rise on every defensible point on our coasts; make every shipyard in the land vocal with the blows of adze and hammer, and while the great army of mechanics is thus employed, let every ward in city and every district in country organize its artillery and rifle companies and battalions. Let every man between 17 and 60, whatever his occupation or station, lend to the movement the sanction of his name, the support of his purse and the inspiration of his presence. There is no reason why we may not have 1,000,000 of men under drill and in practice with the rifle within the next 60 days. We publish in another column the By-Laws of the Massachusetts Rifle Club—not because they are entirely applicable in a great popular organization such as we propose—but as a model to be altered to suit circumstances. Let no man wait for another to move, but if he feels impressed with the importance of the coming struggle, as every American and every lover of Liberty and Free Institutions must do, let him see his next friend, and the two together a third, and so on, until a company is secured, and then let all submit themselves to the leadership and drill of the most competent. Let the miserable wretches who shrank and shivered under the protection of the eagles of France on the heights of the Tchirinya, be welcomed to our soil with the bright blaze and clear crack of the well-aimed American rifle, wherever and whenever, and under whatever pretext they may choose to come! Opinions may differ as regards the "adjustment" of the Trent complication, but we now know that we have in England a hypocritical, cowardly, unscrupulous enemy, amenable to no principle but her selfishness, and restrained by no motive but fear. She says that we have insulted and outraged her in days gone by. If so, why did she not resent our affronts and punish our aggressions? Because we were united and she believed us strong! In the case of the Trent we gave her no tangible offence, but treated her with undeserved leniency and consideration; but because she believed us divided, occupied and relatively powerless, her old wounds bled afresh, and could only be staunch by our humiliation.

If, presuming on our present sacrifices, Great Britain seeks another pretext for war, in the name of an outraged nation let her have it! As we have said, with prompt preparation, we can hurl back her power as the rock does the wave. We can do more, we can "scuff when her fear cometh," as come it will, if there be justice in Heaven, or vengeance among men; and when her wail of suffering and cry for help comes across the waters, it will fall on unheeded ears, or be met with the stern answer, "The cup that ye sought to press unto our lips, that commend we now unto yours!"

"Onward!"

It is about time that the cuckoo cry, intended for a sneer, about "Editorial Generals," and that sort of thing, should stop. To use a popular phrase, it is "played out." One swallow does not make a summer, nor does an epaulette make a General. A kepi does not necessarily cover wisdom. The Nation, satisfied that the force which attacked the batteries of Manassas, notwithstanding the unquestioned and proved bravery of its individuals, was only a disorderly mob, has been content to wait patiently for its augmentation, reorganization and discipline. But the Nation has its rights and wishes, as well as Generals their plans; and there is no class of people in the world so competent, from position and study, to interpret the desires and necessities of the Nation as the conductors of the public press. None can see so clearly as they when military action is necessary, and it is their duty to raise the cry of "Onward!" when they know that advance is requisite, undeterred by the sneers of apologists for military incompetence, or those of the retainers of an Administration unequal to its responsibilities. The Editors of the United States, although no doubt quite as competent to conduct a campaign as ex-lawyers and shoulder-strapped counter-jumpers, do not undertake to do so; they only insist that those to whom the Nation has confided that task shall do it, in the right way, and not keep their men wading the pickaxe when they should be handling the rifle, or burrowing between huge mud walls when they should be advancing on the enemy! It is a curious coincidence that those commanders who have been most "down" on the press are precisely those who have proved least competent, like Patterson and Sherman, or the most blundering, like Stone.

Whatever may have been the propriety of the cry heretofore, nothing is more certain than that "ONWARD TO RICHMOND!" should now swell up in a chorus so grand and imperative as to rouse the sleepers at the Capitol to a comprehension of the fact that not only the suppression of rebellion, but our immunity from foreign war, depend on the vindication of our strength in a speedy and decisive victory. Ask the soldiers of the Army of the Potomac if they will "ONWARD," and our word for it the pillars of the

Capitol will rock with the loud and earnest reverberation, "AYE! ONWARD!"

NAVAL MEDAL.—Congress has authorized the Secretary of the Navy to prepare 200 medals of honor, to be presented, with suitable emblematic devices, to such petty officers, seamen, landsmen and marines as shall most distinguish themselves by their gallantry in action, and by other seamanlike qualities during the present war.

TERROR IN THE SOUTH.—The New Orleans papers, of a late date, speak with undisguised alarm of a grand Union, or what they call "Abolition," Club in that city, "5,000 strong," and urge upon the authorities its immediate suppression. In Montgomery the greatest dread exists, created by what the *Advertiser* declares to be "a diabolical intent to destroy the city by fire." It states that seven attempts had been made to destroy the city, and entreats the adoption of every measure possible to detect the incendiaries. The suspicion that the great fire in Charleston, the loss of which is estimated at between \$5,000,000 and \$7,000,000, was the work of the slaves, has been confirmed by later developments. Truly the path of the transgressor is hard!

REBEL LIARS.—Lying must be regarded as an innocent pastime by the rebel leaders. At the Fishmongers' dinner in London, Mr. Yancey, one of the rebel Commissioners, who was present through fraudulent representations, made a speech, in which he denied that either he or the rebel Government ever meditated or desired an opening of the African slave-trade. And yet this is the same Yancey, who, as a Delegate to the Southern Commercial Convention held at Montgomery in May, 1858, offered the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the Federal laws prohibiting the African slave-trade ought to be repealed."

Opening of the slave-trade is the logical consequence of the establishment of a Government of which, to use the language of Mr. Vice-President Stephens, "the corner-stone is Slavery."

"THE MOTHER COUNTRY."—A correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* rightly objects to the puerile gabble about the "Mother Country" in which we are too apt to indulge in post-prandial exercises whenever an Englishman happens to be present. He reviews her conduct towards us, which has been tyrannical when we were weak, offensive and envious when we were strong, and which is false and treacherous now when she thinks us in danger. "She planted the detestable curse of slavery in our heritage—yet she has never ceased to taunt and scoff, and anathematize, and rail, because we have not eradicated this Bohemian Utopia, which she herself had nurtured persistently, for many years, in defiance of our legislative, and all other efforts to remove it. And now that this accursed pest, inflicted upon us by her, has brought upon us the horrors of civil war, she casts every obstacle in our path, and threatens to increase our embarrassments, by a declaration of war against the free States."

"NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FAIR."—Matrimony has become epidemic in the army. It is said that not less than 40 marriages were "celebrated" or "solemnized" (whichever you please) in the army around Washington, in a single day of last week! The *Times* suggests that if this thing is to go on, the chaplains might economize time by doing the needful, say by platoons. Ours is evidently the Union army.

A SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.—Mr. Cyrus Field has submitted a plan to the Government for connecting the various points occupied by our forces on the Southern coast, by means of a submarine telegraphic cable, and the proposition has been approved by General McClellan. That a telegraph line should be carried down the Eastern Shore and across or through Chesapeake Bay to Fortress Monroe is as clear as it is feasible. But we hope no money will be spent in costly experiments beyond that point. What earthly use there can be in communicating with the poor devils condemned to shiver idly and impotently on the wave-lashed, arid, inhospitable beaches of Hatteras, except to call them home, passes all human comprehension. The best thing that can be done at Hatteras is to sink a few hulks in the inlet, blow up the fortifications, and take the soldiers stationed there to some point where they can be of some use to themselves or the cause which they took up arms to promote.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR, Edited by E. G. Squier. New York: Frank Leslie. "The History of the War," pictorially represented, with carefully prepared descriptions accompanying them, cannot but make the most interesting work for present examination and permanent value that can be produced. The work before us is in royal folio, elegantly bound, and filled with elaborate and elegantly executed engravings of the most interesting and important scenes of the war. It is a grand production. A historical work—a work whose interest will go on increasing as time advances. We advise every reader to examine it.—*Boston Saturday Evening Express*.

FRANK LESLIE'S MONTHLY AND GAZETTE OF FASHION.—To such of our readers as see the monthly numbers of this large and showy publication we need not say a word in its praise. To those who do not, we would say, that it is a superbly illustrated work, in extra large octavo form, abounding with prints and cuts and colored plates, and professes to keep its readers (as we doubt not it does) fully posted up in all the mode. For the coming year the publisher says: "Superior paper has been manufactured and new attractions introduced. The engravings will be more numerous, and in the highest style of art." In addition to its being the best Family Magazine for general amusement, he says, "It is peculiarly adapted for the ladies, that special department being conducted by a lady of distinguished literary taste and one of the acknowledged leaders of fashion." Published at Three Dollars per year, by Frank Leslie, 19 City Hall Square, New York.—*Burlington (Vt.) Weekly Sentinel*.

"TREED."—The pirate steamer *Sumter*, which was "cornered" lately in Martinique by the United States steamer *Iroquois*, but during the night managed to slip past that vessel, which lay off the harbor to intercept her, is said to have been caught again by the *Iroquois*, in the port of Cienfuegos in Cuba. She will not find it so easy to get out of Cienfuegos, from which she will be obliged to go, under the Queen of Spain's proclamation, within a certain number of days, or submit to seizure by the Spanish authorities. She will probably prefer the latter alternative. The rebel steamers *Ella Manly* (late *Isabel*) and *Theodora*, in the English port of Nassau, New Providence, where they receive "aid and comfort" from the authorities (the same as the *Nashville* at Southampton), are blockaded by the United States gunboat *Flambeau*. We hope soon to hear of their capture.

CANADA.—It is stated that in view of probable hostilities between England and the United States, the militia of Canada, to the number of 50,000 men, have been ordered out, and every preparation is making for immediate military movements, should the Government call for them.

We are indebted to Hon. F. A. Conklin, M. C. from this city, for a copy of Major Mordecai's Report as member of the Military Committee, sent to Europe by the American Government in the years 1855-56.

A MIRACLE!—When Joshua fought against the Amorites, God commanded the sun to stand still in the heavens for a whole day, and Joshua smote the Amorites "hip and thigh." When McClellan fought the rebels, Heaven held the sun in the Northern skies for a whole month (was there ever such a December?) but McClellan smote not the rebels, but instead thereof had several reviews and shot a deserter!

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR OF 1861.—Leslie's "Pictorial History of the War" comes to us from John J. Dyer & Co., 35 School street. This really superb work is edited by Mr. Squier, formerly Charge of the United States in Central America. Its historical text is in good hands and admirably conducted; while the large and splendidly

executed wood engravings, properly illustrating the story of the rebellion, are perfect marvels of art, in point of accuracy, spirit and finish. In character and variety they constitute a rich fund of interest.—*Boston Daily Courier*.

OLD KENTUCKY.—It is a thrilling and most gratifying fact, says the *Louisville Journal*, that, in all of the many fights and skirmishes which have taken place in Kentucky, the Union troops, though in general very greatly outnumbered, have been signally victorious. There has not been a solitary instance of a different result. It would seem as if the mere contact with the soil of Kentucky paralyzed the sinews of the rebels' arms and strengthened the muscles of their legs.

THE OCTOON IN LONDON.—The production of this play in New York, a couple of years ago, was attended with considerable excitement—threats of violence to the author and actors, etc. Most of us then thought, and all of us are now pretty certain, that the circulation of these stories was part of a profound advertising scheme of the manager. At any rate, the play "took," and has held its place in public favor. Its reproduction in London, by Mr. Bourcault, seems also to have been stormy. In the first place, the English critics didn't like to see the lovely "Octoroon" killed by poison. The present English taste, it seems, is for happy denouements—marriage, "a quiet cottage in—shire, with three sweet daughters, and a son who has already distinguished himself in the Indian army," or something of that sort. Besides, if people have to be killed off, the Cookneys, like their congeners of the Bowery, prefer to have it done with a stab or a pistol shot. Poison creates pains in the stomach, and no one can die of it except with hands clasped around that portion of the person—and this is neither a graceful nor effective mode of exit. However, Bourcault defended the suicide of Zoe, on artistic grounds (while doing a little cheap advertising), in a letter to the *Times*. But his troubles (if such they be) did not end here. It is now asserted that the "Octoroon" is a plagiarism from Mr. Mayne Reid, an adaptation of his "Quadroon"; and that, where it does not follow that work, it is a parody on real Southern life. The charge made against Mr. Bourcault and his play is thus formulated by the *Athenaeum*:

"We are assured that the scenes introduced into the 'Octoroon' originally, or from some other source than the 'Quadroon,' are so unlike the real life of that country as to suggest the idea that Mr. Bourcault has found his original on the stage of New Orleans, not in the plantations. The captain of the Mississippi steamer, we are assured, is a very gross caricature; the original being as well-dressed, well-bred, debonaire a gentleman as the captain of the Quirinal of the Alhambra. The French planters of the coast are not less vilified, we are told, in the 'Octoroon.' In dress and manners the real men resemble their countrymen on the Boulevards and the Rue Rivoli. These points have an appearance of supporting the charge made against Mr. Bourcault, that he has adopted, without permission or acknowledgment, the work of a literary brother; but our readers know that appearances are often extremely misleading, and it would be unjust to condemn Mr. Bourcault until he has had, and neglected, the opportunity of justifying his acts. As the case now stands before the public, Captain Mayne Reid appears in the position of a man of letters who has suffered a literary wrong."

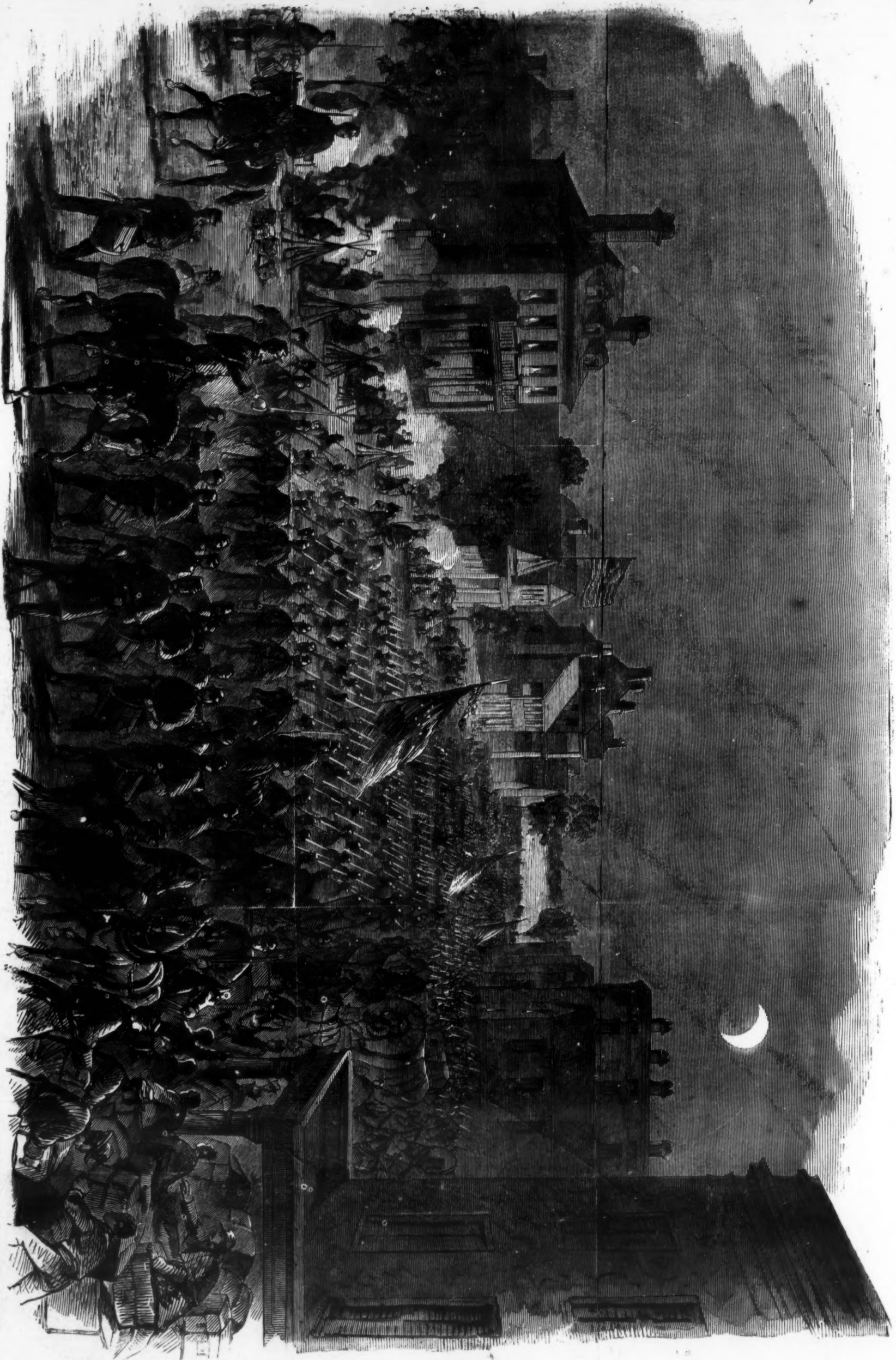
This paragraph is an involuntary illustration of the wonderful change which a temporary dearth of cotton, and the prospect of breaking up the American Union, has produced in England. Southerners are no longer the swaggering, dram-drinking, expectorating, pistol-carrying, bowie-knife-handling, Lynch-law-loving, women-whipping, lantern-jawed, sallow-faced and lank-limbed brutes which English writers lately delighted to portray; but the "only gentlemen of America," and worthy of English sympathy and regard. If the celebrated Arrowsmith has any more horrible stories to tell of his American experiences, he will have to lay their scene in the North, which enacts Morrill tariffs and stops the sale of cotton to Manchester, and does other things shocking to the unselfishness of England! Mr. Bourcault has hit off the hollowness of British philanthropy, and indicated the cause of its sudden abatement, in letter to the *Times*. He says:

"But behind all this there are features in slavery far more objectionable than any of those hitherto held up to human execration, by the side of which physical suffering appears as a vulgar detail. Some of these features are, for the first time, boldly exhibited in the *Octoroon*. The audience hailed with every mark of enthusiasm the sunny views of negro life; they were pleased with the happy relations existing between the slaves and the family of which they were dependents; they enjoyed the heartiness with which these slaves were sold, and cheered the planters who bought them. But when the octoroon girl was purchased by the ruffianly overseer to become his paramour, her suicide to preserve her purity provoked no sympathy whatever. Yet, a few years ago, the same public, in the same theatre, witnessed with deep emotion the death of Uncle Tom under the lash, and accepted the *tableau* of the poor old negro, his shirt stained with the blood from his lacerated back, crawling across the stage, and dying in slow torture."

EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.—While Mr. Faulkner boasted in Washington that when in Fort Warren he often had as many as 30 turkeys a day sent to him by the good people of Boston, we know that many of our prisoners in Richmond, Charleston and elsewhere are suffering from want of food necessary to appease hunger, besides being infamously quartered, and in all respects maltreated. So far as these are circumstances incident to ordinary warfare, none of our soldiers in the hands of the enemy have complained; but they have a right to complain that steps are not taken to procure their release through the means usual in civilized warfare, namely, exchange. The sole objection which has been raised against this procedure is that it would appear to recognize the rebels as a constituted and sovereign power; whereas they are *de facto* rebels, and to be treated as such. But if rebels they are also traitors; and to be consistent in our conduct, we should hang every one of them that we capture in arms, or who can be proved to have taken part in the rebellion. We have not done this; and we do not conceive, nor does the world understand that our attitude towards them has been in the least changed in consequence. Exchanges have been constantly made to the westward of the Alleghanies, and we do not see why they should not be made equally to the eastward of those mountains. We may mentally or formally reserve in the act any purpose of recognizing the rebels as a sovereign power. The result of the war alone can determine their status. Meantime all the dictates of humanity and brotherhood require us to omit nothing consistent with honor, to rescue our brave soldiers from the horrors of a Southern prison, and the brutalities of Southern guards and jailors. We may talk of retaliation, but our people are civilized, and can never, under any degree of provocation, be brought to practise the barbarities peculiar to "Southern chivalry," and the natural outgrowth of the system of Slavery. During the Revolution Great Britain was very tenacious of doing anything implying a recognition of our independence, or impairing the alleged rights of the Crown. Yet it appears that, from the battle of Lexington to the close of the war, exchanges of prisoners constantly took place, and often in considerable numbers. The belligerents permitted exchanges, under rules of war, for purposes of military convenience, and in relief of the sufferings of their own officers and privates in captivity. We can do so now, with better reason.

"CORN BREAD."—The "corn bread" which obtained the prize at the recent competition trial in that article in New York, was made according to the following recipe: "To two quarts of meal add one pint of bread- sponge; water sufficiently to wet the whole; add one half a pint of flour and a tablespoonful of salt; let it rise; then knead well for the second time, and place the dough in the oven, and allow it to bake an hour and a half."

SHOOTING SLAVES.—The most desperate efforts have been made by the slaveholders of Beaufort District to induce their slaves to accompany them in their flight into the interior. Many were shot by their masters on the landing of our troops for refusing to follow their masters. Capt. Drayton reports that straggling parties of the rebels have visited the deserted islands, burning the cotton and destroying the cabins of the negroes who remained behind. A correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* reports that, on visiting one of the plantations on Pinckney Island, "one poor man slave was found under a cow-house, weltering in his blood, having been shot by the rebels through the mouth, the ball passing into his shoulder and out at the back. He was put on a litter and brought into camp for medical treatment." He adds: "The scene that presented itself was one of complete desolation. The smoking ruins and cowering figures of the negroes who still instinctively clung to their hearthstones, although there was no longer shelter for their heads, presented a most melancholy sight. The impression was made more strong by the piteous wails of the poor creatures, a large portion of whom were old and decrepid."



THE GREAT SOUTHERN EXPEDITION—ENTRANCE OF GEN. STEWART'S BUNGALE INTO SAVANNAH, S. C., ON THE EVENING OF DECEMBER 6.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON BOARD THE CANAL.—SEE PAGE 118.

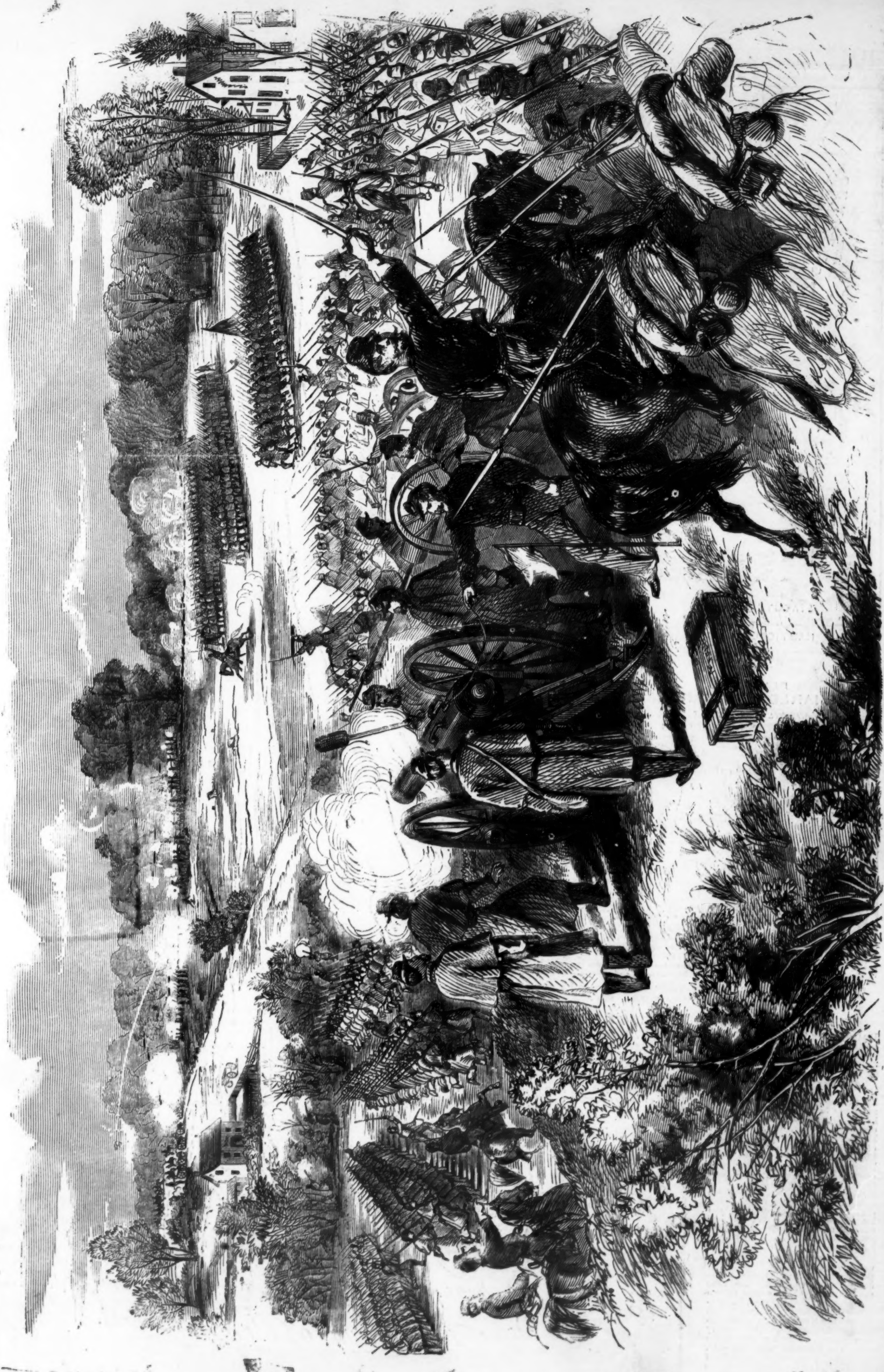
14 garrison Inlet Battery.

Site of destroyed Lighthouse.

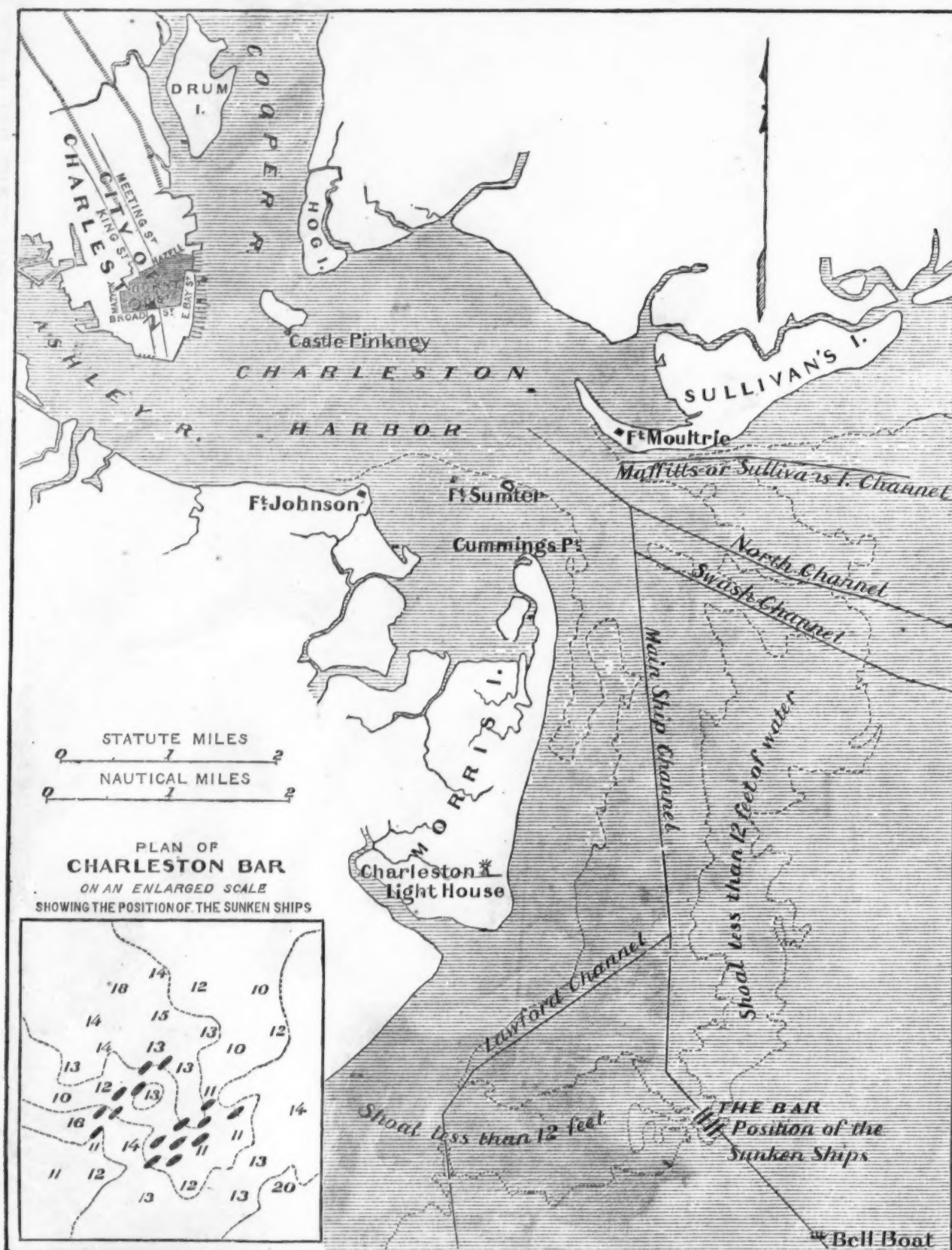
Morris Island.

Fort Johnson.
Cummings Point Battery.
Bac.

GREAT SOUTHERN EXPEDITION—THE SEALING UP CHARLESTON HARBOR—VIEW OF THE ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOR DURING THE SINKING OF THE GREAT FLEET IN THE GREAT SHIP CHANNEL, BY OR



BATTLE OF DRANESVILLE, VA., DECEMBER 20TH, BETWEEN THE NATIONAL FORCES COMMANDED BY GENERALS MCALL AND ORD, AND A SUPERIOR REBEL FORCE LED BY GENERAL STEWART—ROUT OF THEIR REBELS WITH
HEAVY LOSS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 118.



MAP OF THE HARBOR AND CITY OF CHARLESTON, S. C., SHOWING ITS DEFENCES, AND THE POSITION OF THE SUNKEN VESSELS CLOSING THE ENTRANCE TO THE GREAT SHIP CHANNEL, AND ALSO THE PORTION OF THE CITY LATELY DESTROYED BY FIRE.

THE BATTLE OF DRANESVILLE, VIRGINIA.

DRANESVILLE is a post village in Fairfax county, Va., almost equidistant from Centreville, Alexandria, Washington and Leesburg, being about 17 miles from Washington. It is partially surrounded by dense woods, which, of course, gives great advantage to guerilla fighting.

On the morning of Tuesday, the 20th December, between five and six o'clock, a portion of Gen. McCall's division, quartered at Langley, proceeded on a foraging expedition, and also to make a reconnaissance in force in the neighborhood. Our brigade was under the command of Gen. Ord, of the 3d Pennsylvania Reserve, and consists of the 6th Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, Col. W. Ricketts; 9th Pennsylvania Reserve, Col. F. Jackson; 10th Pennsylvania Reserve, Col. John C. McCallmont; 12th Pennsylvania, Col. John H. Taggart; the Bucktail Rifles, commanded by Lieut.-Col. Kane, and a detachment of five companies of the 1st Pennsylvania Reserve Cavalry, commanded by Lieut.-Col. Jacob Higgins, and Capt. Easton's Battery of four guns (two 12 and two 24-pounders), altogether numbering between 4,000 and 5,000 men. After passing beyond our pickets, flanks consisting of two companies from the different regiments were thrown out on each side of the road, and preceded the advancing column, which halted when it came within a short distance of Dranesville. The artillery then came up and took position in the van. The Bucktails were then sent, by order of Gen. Ord, to the right of the village, and the 6th Pennsylvania to the left, and Lieut.-Col. Higgins, commanding the cavalry, led the advance into the village, with the expectation of capturing some rebel cavalry who were seen there. But, although the charge was made under a full run, their cavalry pickets succeeded in making their escape. The houses were immediately surrounded, but no troops were to be found.

Gen. Ord then advanced rapidly with the artillery, and took up a position on the left of Dranesville, in the rear of the church, while Col. Higgins formed the cavalry on the right of the artillery. After a short time Gen. Ord directed the cavalry more to the rear, which was done without any signs of an enemy. No sooner had our troops taken up that position than the enemy, which it now appeared was concealed in the wood on our left flank, just opposite the junction of the Alexandria and Leesburg turnpike, opened a brisk fire of shell upon our men. Their battery, which was six guns, although only about 200 yards from the National forces, was so entirely hidden

streets were dotted with bivouac fires, around which arms were stacked and soldiers lounging.

BLOCKING-UP OF CHARLESTON HARBOR.

PART of the great Stone Fleet, whose departure from New Bedford and New London we illustrated in our paper for Dec. 14, has just fulfilled its mission, and been committed to the vasty deep, or rather been buried at the entrance of Charleston, to seal for years,

by the dense growth of underbrush, with which the woods in these parts are covered, that till the guns sent their iron missiles of death into our midst their presence was unknown. Gen. Ord immediately moved the artillery to the rear, and ordered Col. Higgins with the cavalry to follow in the rear of the artillery, which he did. In passing in front of the enemy's battery, a horse belonging to Company I was killed, being struck by a shell from the rebel battery. Our artillery halted directly opposite the enemy's guns and planted their pieces, under a heavy fire, and opened on them with shell. Our infantry also poured volleys of shot into the woods, advancing all the time upon the enemy until they forced them to retreat.

The fight, which lasted an hour, was one incessant firing. It commenced at one and ended at two. The firing of the rebels was very wild, most of the shell and shot going over the heads of our men. Our own men behaved remarkably well, Capt. Easton's men especially. The enemy as suddenly abandoned their position as they had commenced the attack, and their superior knowledge of the locality and the dense woods made their escape easy. They, however, left one gun and one cannon, with two very fine horses, behind them. There were also a great quantity of arms and ammunition captured. The Union loss has been eight killed and about 60 wounded. The Richmond Dispatch, of the 24th December, acknowledges that it was a heavy skirmish, in which the Confederates suffered a disaster. They state their force was about 2,800 men, and was commanded by Gen. Stuart. It consisted of 200 wagons, escorted by the 11th Virginia regiment, Col. Garland; 6th South Carolina, Col. Secrest; 10th Alabama, Col. Forney; 1st Kentucky Col. Taylor; the Sumter Flying Artillery, Capt. Cutts, and detachments from Ransom's and Redford's cavalry. It is much more probable that the force was nearly 4,000. The loss of the rebels has been very heavy, the list of killed and wounded occupying nearly a column of the Richmond Dispatch. Among their more prominent men Lieut.-Col. Martin was killed and Col. Forney seriously wounded.

Throughout the action Captain Easton's battery did most efficient service, and, considering that he could only guess at the position of the enemy's battery by the smoke from their discharges, his aim was most wonderful. Three only of Captain Easton's guns were placed in position, and from these he fired above 60 rounds in less than an hour, when General McCall ordered the firing to cease, for the purpose of making an advance.

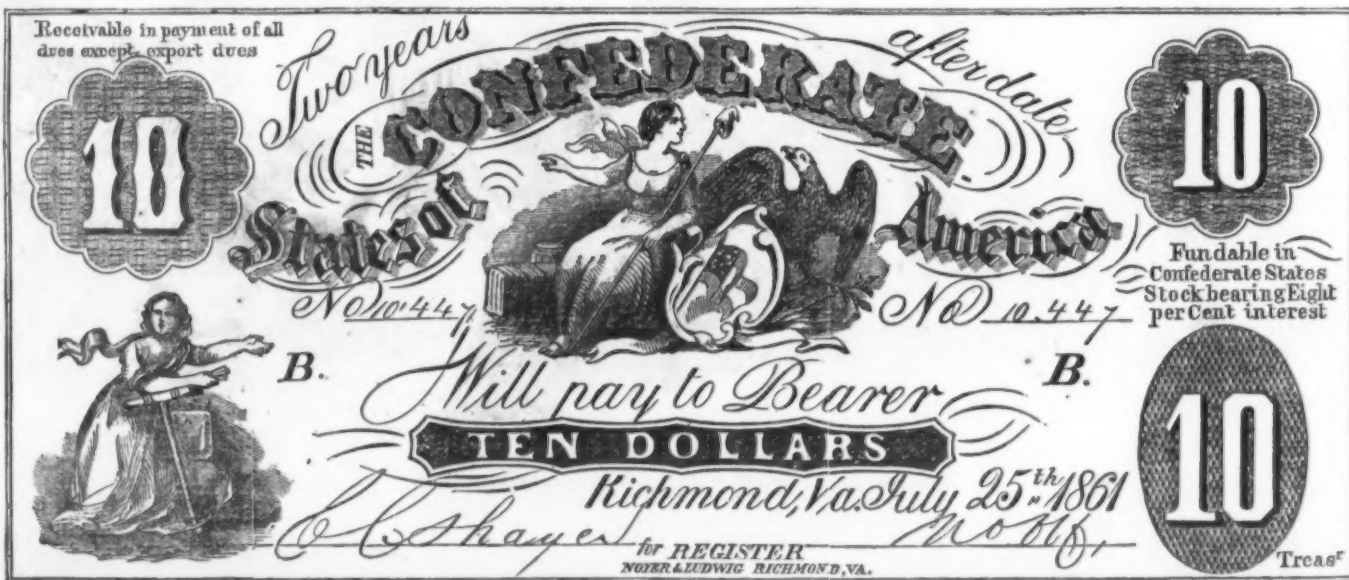
MAP SHOWING THE POSITION AND LOCATION OF THE STONE FLEET

Dumped in the Entrance of Charleston Harbor.

In our numbers for April, 1861, we gave a very complete map of Charleston harbor, with the position of its forts and defences, then in the first blush of her rebellion. Our paper to-day contains a diagram which may be almost termed her commercial epitaph, since it marks how and where the means rest which close her entrance to the ocean. Our map also records another phase of her punishment, the great fire, with which she has lately been visited. The peculiar manner in which the stone hulks have been sunk encourages the formation of a constantly increasing sand bar, which will soon render Charleston inaccessible to any but shoal water vessels and fishing boats, thus destroying her foreign and shipping trade at a blow. At the best of times Charleston was always difficult of access—a fact to which the fall of Sumter is entirely attributable, and which has hitherto saved it from receiving the punishment it so justly merited; but now she may be considered as hermetically sealed to the ocean.

OCCUPATION OF BEAUFORT BY THE NATIONAL TROOPS.

WE have so frequently described Beaufort and illustrated it, that we have now only to add, in explanation of our engraving, that on the evening of Thursday, December 5, it was occupied by our gallant troops, General Stevens's brigade leading the advance. Our Artist says: "It was a most brilliant and suggestive scene. The moon—just at its half—shone with splendor, reminding one of that beautiful passage in Homer, which represents the orb of night rising merely to shed a glory upon the Grecian arms. At the end of the street the river flowed in silence and light. Here and there the streets were dotted with bivouac fires, around which arms were stacked and soldiers lounging."



FACSIMILE OF A TREASURY NOTE, LATELY ISSUED BY THE CONFEDERATE GOVERNMENT, RICHMOND, VA.

and, perhaps, for ever, the inlet to that nest of treason. This work occupied part of three days, in consequence of its being necessary to select a certain state of the tide to perform the work effectually. The morning of the 19th Dec. was selected for the commencement of this singular operation, and the following were the doomed vessels selected as the silent ministers of vengeance: Archer, American, Courier, Rebecca Sims, Richmond, Kensington, Potomac, Maria Theresa, Robin Hood, Herald, Tenedos, Leonidas, Theodosia, Fortune, Amazon. The description of one will do for all, and we therefore quote from the *Herald's* correspondent:

"At half-past four this afternoon, the tide being nearly full, we recrossed the bar, and ran a hawser to the barque Theodosia, of New London, which was to be the first victim, and towed her across the bar to the upper boat, on the left hand side of the channel. When we had her in a good position, Capt. Stevens, through a speaking trumpet, ordered the captain to 'Cast off the hawser!' 'Ay, ay, sir!' came back the reply; and the hawser was let go and roused in again on our deck in the twinkling of an eye. The trembling old barque, being under some headway, moved slowly on to the exact spot we wished her, and then struck the bottom, and her anchor dropped for the last time in the water, the chain rattling out as cheerfully as any chain might which had made its last run, and the old barque settled down into its own grave. The plug had been knocked out as the anchor dropped, and the water rushed mudily and wildly in. In a moment the whole boat was lowered and alongside, and the dunnage of the officers and crew rapidly passed over the bulwarks and into them."

"We did not wait for them, but hurried out to tow in another before dark. The first ship touched bottom and the plug was drawn as the sun went down. Each had finished its course at the same moment; one to rise on the morrow as bright and glorious as ever, the other to waste away and go to pieces under the combined action of the elements, which it had braved so long and well. Alas! that a vessel, worn-out in the service of its owner, should be sold and come to such an ignominious end."

"The Rebecca Sims was towed in and anchored at the other side of the channel, and the water soon filled her hold, and she sank slowly and in a dignified manner, rocking uneasily, to be sure, as the water poured in, but going down with every rope and spar in place, as a brave man falls in battle, with his harness on."

"We had now got the position of the bar clearly marked out, and the Florida boats were relieved from that unpleasant position as buoys, and they returned to their ship. Our work was reported to Capt. Davis, and he requested the Pocahontas and the Ottawa to tow in and sink all the ships they could after the moon had risen high enough to afford us light to sea."

"At eight o'clock we were again at work. We towed in and sunk four more before the low water made it impossible for the loaded ships to be raised in position, and then we ran out and anchored outside the bar."

"The Pocahontas towed in two during the evening. While we were working the harbor was dotted with whaleboats, running from their respective ships to Cahawba, carrying away their officers' and crew's baggage, and the valuable sails and furniture of the ships. Some of the men-of-war boats were engaged in visiting the sunken ships and securing flour, potatoes, onions and other acceptable provisions, rope, furniture, etc., which came very handy on board. By midnight most of the ships had sunk; some of them, however, lay keeled over, the sea flowing over their decks."

"Next day the work was recommenced, and by nightfall that portion of the stone fleet intended for Charleston was firmly imbedded in the mud. The braces and shrouds were cut by the sharp axe, and, after a waying higher and higher for a few seconds, one tall mast after another went over the sides with a crashing sound. The scene presented was a novel and interesting one. In the direct ship channel were fifteen dismantled hulks, in every possible direction, some on their port, others on their starboard sides; some were under water forward, others aft; the sea swept over some of them, others stood on upright keels and spouted water from their sides as the heavy swells raised them and dropped them heavily down upon the sand again. And proudly among them all was the East Indian, brave Robin Hood, with her graceful tapering masts towering aloft, and apparently still aloft. The Robin Hood was reserved for another purpose, to undergo, as it were, two fates, and by opposing elements of fire and water, for it had been decreed that all the stores, rigging and other portions which could not be taken away should be put into this vessel, which should then be set fire to. At six o'clock the torch was applied to the Robin Hood, and soon after the scene around was illumined by the blaze. At midnight the sight was very grand; in the background were Fort Sumter, Fort Moultrie, with Charleston in the distance."

Our plan of Charleston will give our readers a very complete idea of the manner in which the vessels have been deposited, and the certainty of their operation. The correspondent of the *New York Times* says that as he saw ship after ship settle down into the absorbing sand, he could not help feeling a shade of regret, and a host of recollections crowded upon him:

"How venerable the doomed things now appeared. Short, broad, square-stemmed, bluff-bowed, rigged as ships and barques, yet not one of them larger than the ordinary schooners of the present day. Spars strangely tall and tapering, like whip-handles. Sides weather-stained, and painted in imitation of ports, some of them sheathed with pine planks to prevent leakage, which could not be prevented by caulking, because of the rottenness of the original wood. Queer old tubs, with queer fittings-up, and quaint names set in elaborate beds of quaint carved work. Yet many of these fossil vessels were celebrated in their time. The fortunes of the Tubers, the Howlands, the Sims, the Swifts, Coffins, Starbucks, and many other New England families have been created from their voyages. Some of them have been known as 'lucky ships,' and as such old whalers have cherished them, patching and repairing the hulls until scarce a plank or timber of the original vessel remained. Each of them has a history, and thousands of reasons suggest themselves why the worn-out hulks, still accounted seaworthy enough to voyage hither from New Bedford, New London, Providence and Nantucket should be saved the fate in store for them."

CAMP GRAHAM AND ITS FESTIVITIES.

THE readers of Wallenstein will renew in our pages to-day the festivities of a camp, although in another and better world, as the new is, despite its present troubles. Indeed danger gives a keen relish to all enjoyments, for it must be confessed that the old saying, "eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow you may die," is very much at the bottom of a soldier's life. It has even a timid illustration in our great cities, for never have our theatres been so crowded as during the present holidays, although there is scarcely a household which does not miss some cherished object now fighting for a great and glorious republic, whose temporary rulers lounge on their Washington cushions, indifferent to such heroic men as Corcoran, who are pining and dying in dungeons, because the Cabinet fear to face the music of "exchange of prisoners." For every one of these gallant men who perish in this hairsplitting of a cowardly pride, the country will exact a severe reckoning. After this tear of regret to the brave hearts who kept their Christmas in the gloom and privation of a dungeon, we hasten to the pleasant task of celebrating the birth of Camp Graham on a recent occasion, when the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania presented a flag to the gallant boys of the 23d. Our Artist has, however, made this a very light task, since his pencil is more eloquent than the pen, and appeals more immediately to the eye. Here, for a day at least, the warrior throws off his care, ungrids his sword, drops his rifle and takes to his lager, that drink now universal, and which Cowper must have meant when he wrote in praise of a beverage which "cheers but not inebriates," although it has been proved in a court of law that a genuine Dutchman can drink 61 glasses without losing his mental and moral equilibrium. From drinking our Artist has gone to the culinary department, and sketched a scene worthy of Homer's Greeks, the roasting of a whole ox. A regiment fed on such viands ought to rival the deeds of Ajax and Achilles. After this let us give a glance at a scene which illustrates the old proverb, that men are but children of a larger growth, for who but a child, or a philosopher wise as Shakespeare, mounts the revolving wheel on the facetious alternative of grabbing a prize or catching a roll on the ground? A good tumble would of course be just the thing to give a joyous spirit the inclination to try another practical joke, and therefore we can easily fancy one of our athletes encasing his lower extremities in a sack and trying his activity in a series of jumps. These sports, with a bounteous feast to all, comprised the festivities attendant on the memorable flag presentation of the 14th of December, 1861. All honor to the old Commonwealth and her gallant soldiers of the 23d regiment!

THE BALL BLUFF BLUNDER.—The Secretary of War, in response to the resolution of the House of Representatives for information concerning the Ball Bluff massacre, declines furnishing it on the ground that the General-in-Chief considers that it would be "injurious to the public service." We can tell the General-in-Chief and all concerned in covering up this affair, and in shielding the parties who, through incompetence or something worse, are morally responsible for the lives of 400 brave men, and the humiliation of our arms, that the "public service" suffers vastly more from their course of conduct, concealment and concealment, than it would from an open and complete exposure of the affair. It is all idle to tell the people that Gen. Stone is a

Massachusetts man and above treason, or that he is a competent soldier, and must be retained, in face of the facts of the Ball Bluff disaster, so far as these are known. If there is anything to extenuate his conduct, his reputation and honor require that it should be made known. We can tell the General-in-Chief and the Government that it will be unsafe for the army to go into any general action where Gen. Stone will hold an important command, for unless the soldiers under him entertain widely different views of his capacity and conduct than does the public, there is not one who will follow him or obey his orders. It is better to make known the whole truth, however bad it may be, than by concealment and evasion leave the army and the public a prey to suspicions and fears, which are sure to be worse in their influences than any possible reality can be.

FOREIGN VIEWS OF THE WAR.—The *London News*, reviewing the message of Mr. Jefferson Davis, closes a long and elaborate article as follows:

"But while the South make no way, and does not even hold its ground, the North is rapidly increasing in strength, which it manifests in new enterprises. The South has been able to do more, much more than we expected, but there is every reason to believe we know the utmost it can do. As long as the North is induced by a pedantic and fastidious feeling to abstain from piercing the South in its vulnerable side, as long as it hesitates to strike at the institution of Slavery, it will make but weary progress. But let it resolve to make an end and for ever of the curse of the Western Continent, and the power of the Confederates will collapse like a pricked bladder. The statesmen of the North are rapidly coming to see that this course must be taken; and it will be taken. Foreign intervention might postpone the issue of the struggle, by imposing truces upon the combatants. But the American Continent is the destined home of the freeman, and the battle in one form or another will rage as long as a single slave is on its soil."

THE DEFENCES OF WASHINGTON.—Gen. Barnard, of the Engineers, reports that the defences around Washington consist of 48 works, mustering 300 guns, and that they form a circuit of 35 miles—exceeding by several miles the famous fieldworks of Torres Vedras, the most extensive fortifications of this kind known in modern times.

THE REBEL ARMY.—An estimate, based on the recent messages of the Governors of the Seceded States and other official documents put forth in the South, fixes the total strength of the rebel army at 349,000 men—Virginia furnishing 83,000 and South Carolina 19,000, according to the authority of the Governors of those States.

"LIBERAL AS A PRINCE."—Liberality, if not always a princely attribute, is generally regarded as within princely competence. But it seems that neither princes nor queens are necessarily liberal, or even moderately grateful. The English papers are full of accounts of the death of one John Turner, in St. George's Workhouse, London, who a number of years ago saved the life of the Queen of England, at imminent risk of his own, on an occasion when the horses attached to her carriage had become unmanageable, and were dashing madly down a dangerous road. In consideration of his devotion and services he was invited to Buckingham Palace, and received there a present of £50 and permission to put up the royal arms in front of his humble inn—for John Turner was a tavern-keeper. The painting of the arms cost him £100. In other words, he lost £50 by saving the Queen's life and putting up the royal arms. Well, in process of time he represented this fact to the Queen's officers, and also that he was poor and couldn't afford to lay out of the money. No attention was given to his case. Finally he became ill; his little property, royal arms and all, went under the hammer. Again he represented his case to the Queen's officers, and asked to be reimbursed for the "arms." Again no answer; and he had to go to the workhouse, when his mind gave way under his misfortune, and he died miserably, a pauper and an idiot. We should say perhaps that he died a victim to royal ingratitude. But for the prompt strength of John Turner's arm, which arrested four fiery horses in their runaway course down a steep hill, England might have been to-day—who shall say what?

DOMESTIC ITEMS.

THE Chicago Tribune has "information from an unquestionable source that 5,000 acres in Illinois will be planted with cotton the coming year."

THE city of Charleston has suffered by fire more severely than any other city of its size in the world. In 1778 there were 252 houses consumed; in 1796 nearly a third of the city was destroyed, involving loss of property to the value of \$2,500,000. Again, in the great fire of 1838, the loss was estimated at \$5,000,000.

THE London Times says a private letter from Rio Janeiro states that General Webb, the American Minister, sent a demand to the Brazilian Government that the Governor of Maranhão be superseded for having allowed coal to be supplied to the privateer Sumter.

THE Oxford Democrat says that in three school districts in the town of Farie, Me., there is but one young man fit to do military duty. All the rest have enlisted.

WAR NEWS.

Evacuation of Galveston.

THE city of Galveston, Texas, has been evacuated by the rebels, after a long consultation, the place being regarded as untenable against the National navy. The batteries on the beach have been removed, and the powder and other munitions of war taken to a place of greater security inland. The city can be occupied by our forces, at any time, without opposition.

Evacuation by the Rebels of John's Island, S. C.

THE following account of the occupation of John's Island, 30 miles from Charleston, is from the *Charleston Mercury*: "On the 10th of Dec., four of the National gunboats ascended North Edisto Inlet, and anchored opposite Rockville, on John's Island, 30 miles from Charleston, where the 1st South Carolina Rifles regiment, numbering 600, Col. Branch, was encamped. The enemy shelled the camp, and under cover of the fire from their guns, landed a strong force. The Carolina regiment fell back four miles, towards Charleston, to a point called Brick Church."

Capture of the Privateer Royal Yacht.

THE recent capture and destruction of the rebel privateer schooner Royal Yacht, off Galveston, by an expedition from the United States frigate Santee, under command of Lieut. James E. Jonett, was one of the most brilliant exploits of our naval forces during the present war. There were two armed rebel vessels lying off Galveston at the time, the General Rusk, carrying four guns and a large crew, and the schooner Royal Yacht. Lieut. Jonett volunteered to undertake the capture of one or the other. Having formed a volunteer crew, he started, well armed, in two launches, with the intention of taking the General Rusk if he could surprise those on board. On nearing that vessel, about midnight, he ran aground on a shoal on board the General Rusk. Lieut. Jonett then started for the Royal Yacht, lying at anchor further out, and after a sharp engagement with her crew succeeded in taking 13 prisoners, a number of arms, and her pennant, and then set the vessel on fire. Lieut. Jonett had one man killed, and two officers and six men wounded in the engagement.

Brilliant Affair at Munfordsville, Kentucky.

A BRILLIANT skirmish took place between a picket of General Buell's command at Munfordsville, on Green river, Kentucky, on the 10th of December. The National forces consisted of 350 men; that of the rebels of not far from 3,000. The latter were completely routed, leaving all their dead and most of their wounded on the field. Their loss was 33 killed; that of the National forces 10 killed. Subjoined is Gen. Buell's telegraphic despatch:

LOUISVILLE, Dec. 18, 1861.

TO MAJOR-GENERAL McCLELLAN: McCook's division is at Munfordsville; Gen. Mitchell at Bacon's creek. Zollhofer is either retreating across the Cumberland river or is preparing to do so at the approach of any superior force. Gen. McCook reports that the rebels attacked my pickets in front of the railroad bridge at two o'clock to-day. The picket consisted of four companies of the 3d Indiana, Col. Willich, under Lieutenant-Colonel Ven Imbles. Their forces consisted of one regiment of Texan Rangers, two regiments of infantry, and one battery of six guns. Our loss was Lieut. Saxe and eight enlisted men killed and 10 wounded. The rebel loss was 33 killed, including the Colonel of the Texan Rangers, and about 50 wounded. The rebels retreated ingloriously.

D. C. BUELL, Brigadier-General, &c.

National Successes in Missouri.

THE National forces under Gen. Pope have lately achieved several signal successes in Missouri. Maj.-Gen. Halleck reports to Washington that on the 18th of December Gen. Pope cut off a body of 2,200 rebels in Clinton county, Missouri, and scattered them in all directions, taking 150 prisoners. Gen. Halleck's report is as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE WEST, ST. LOUIS, December 19, 1861. General G. B. McCLELLAN, Commander-in-Chief of United States Army."

"Gen. Pope's expedition successfully cut off the enemy's camp, near Shawnee Mound, and scattered them, 2,200 strong, in every direction. Took 150 prisoners, and most of the enemy's wagons, tents, baggage, horses, etc. All the insurgents between the Missouri and Osage are cleared out. Price is still south of the Osage."

"H. W. HALLECK, Maj.-Gen. Commanding." This success was followed up by a still more effective blow at the rebel power in Missouri, on the evening of the same day, when Col. Davis, at the head of a detachment of Gen. Pope's division, surprised and captured a rebel camp at Milford, on Black River, taking 1,300 prisoners, including three colonels and 17 captains; also, 1,000 stand of arms, 1,000 horses, 65 wagons, and a large quantity of supplies, tents and baggage. The loss of the rebels is not known, but the Union loss was but two killed and eight wounded. Those two surprises, so successfully accomplished almost at the same time, will have a stunning effect on the rebel interests in Missouri. Subjoined is Gen. Halleck's report of the affair near Milford:

"HEADQUARTERS, ST. LOUIS, MO., December 29, 1861. Maj.-Gen. G. B. McCLELLAN, Maj.-Gen. Commanding the Army."

"A part of Gen. Pope's forces, under Col. J. C. Davis and Maj. Marshall, surprised another camp of the enemy on the afternoon of the 18th, at Milford, a little to the north of Warrensburg. A brisk skirmish ensued, when the enemy, finding himself surrounded, surrendered at discretion. We took 1,300 prisoners, including three colonels and 17 captains, and 1,000 stand of arms, 1,000 horses, 65 wagons, and a large quantity of tents, baggage and supplies. Our loss is two killed and wounded. The enemy's loss is not yet known."

"Information received last night from Glasgow, states that our troops at that place had taken about two tons of powder, in kegs, buried on Claib. Jackson's farm. This effectually cuts off their supply of ammunition."

H. W. HALLECK, Maj.-Gen."

Battle in Western Virginia.

THE rebels suffered another defeat in Western Virginia, on Friday, December 13th. The affair took place at Alleghany Camp, in Pocahontas county, near Cheat Mountain. The National forces, commanded by Gen. Milroy, numbered but 750 men, and the rebel forces, commanded by Gen. Johnson, numbered over 2,000. The battle lasted from daylight until three o'clock P.M., the rebels losing over 200 in killed and wounded, and 30 prisoners; while the National loss is about 30. The dispatch states that the enemy were five times driven into their barracks, from which we infer that the attack was made by our troops. The rebels subsequently set fire to their camp, and retreated to Staunton, our forces having meantime temporarily retired. The result of this battle, considering the great disparity of the forces engaged, is gratifying.

Repulse of the Rebels on the Upper Potomac.

ON the morning of December 19th a rebel battery of three guns, flanked with about 200 infantry, suddenly commenced shelling the encampment of Col. Geary's Pennsylvania regiment, at Point of Rocks, on the Upper Potomac. About 20 shells, well aimed, fell amidst the encampment. The 28th regiment battery returned fire with two guns, the first shot disabling one of the rebel guns, the second falling in their centre. The National battery then advanced and poured a continuous fire into them, silencing all their guns, and driving back a fourth one reinforcing them. The rebels were driven from their position in full retreat. There were at least 14 killed, and many wounded. The Union forces did not lose a man. The engagement lasted over half an hour. After the rout of the rebels, the victors turned their guns on some houses near the old furnace on the Virginia side, where about 150 rebels were accreted, driving them out, killing and wounding many.

SOUTHERN ITEMS.

LATE advices from Georgia state that all the cotton at Savannah had been sent to Mecon for safe keeping. Some of the banks and half the population had moved into the interior. Governor Brown lately ordered all the salt to be seized, and paid the owners \$6 per sack for it; and as some had bought it on speculation at \$9, they were naturally not pleased with the effect of the operation.

THE rebel House of Delegates of Virginia has passed an act authorizing the Governor to seize all salt held at exorbitant rates, and place it in the hands of an agent, who shall sell it to the people at reasonable rates. The salt question is one of evidently great importance.

Congressional Summary.

MONDAY, Dec. 23.—In the Senate, a memorial was presented from citizens of Boston, representing that the freedom of the press had been abridged, and asking relief. The bill making an appropriation of \$1,500,000 for the construction of gunboats for operations on the Western rivers was reported from the Committee on Finance, and passed. Mr. King, of New York, offered a resolution, which was laid over, requesting the President to institute law proceedings against persons held in custody by Executive authority. A resolution was passed providing for a Select Committee of three, to inquire into the expediency of connecting some of the military and naval stations on the coast by submarine telegraph. Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, introduced a bill providing against the return of fugitive slaves by the army, and for the punishment of any officer ordering it. The bill to increase the number of cadets at West Point from 170 to 250 was taken up and debated at considerable length, but was not definitely acted upon. It receives much opposition on the score of economy.

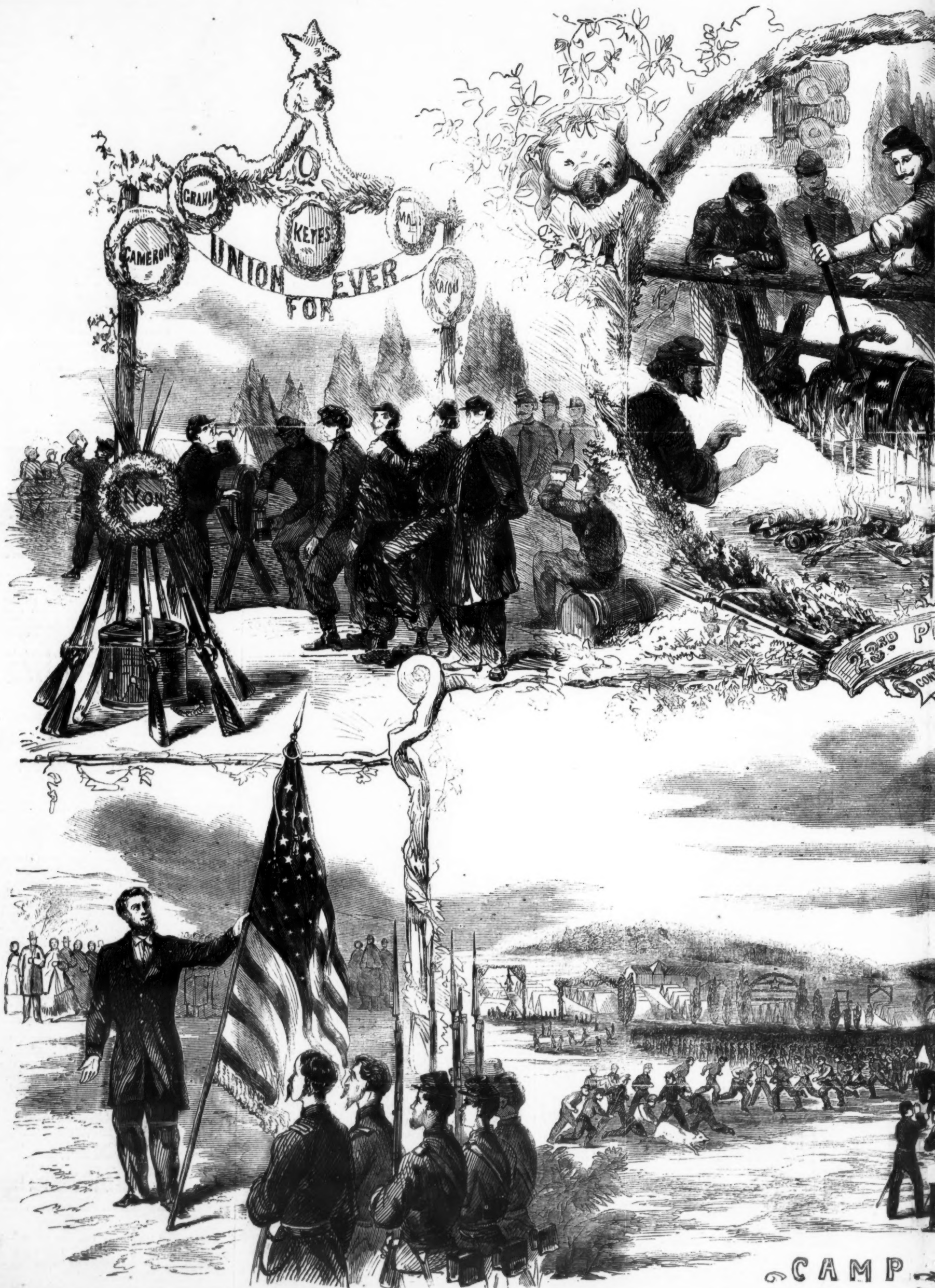
In the House, a bill for the better organization of the military establishment was introduced by Mr. Perry, of New Jersey. A joint resolution, introduced by Mr. Noell, of Missouri, to suspend the collection of the National tax in that State for one year, was appropriately referred. The resolution introduced by Mr. Wilson, of Iowa, on Friday, requesting the Military Committee to prepare a new article of war for the punishment of all officers using any force under their command for the return of fugitive slaves, was considered, and finally adopted. The Committee on Territories was directed to inquire into the expediency of establishing Territorial Governments within the limits of disloyal States. The bill to increase the duties on tea, coffee and sugar was reported from the Committee on Ways and Means, and passed, after some debate, 77 to 29; it was immediately sent to the Senate, and passed that body also. The resolution introduced by Mr. Morehead, of Pennsylvania, requesting the Judiciary Committee to report a bill debarring for ever any rebel from holding office under the constitution and laws of the United States, was passed. The Committee on the Post Office was instructed to report a bill providing some safe method for the transmission of money through the mails. It was resolved, the Senate concurring, to adjourn until the 2d of January, but, it being ascertained that the Senate had adjourned without acting upon the resolution, it was subsequently resolved to adjourn until Thursday; from that day until Monday, and again until the 2d of January.

TUESDAY, Dec. 24.—The Senate only was in session. Several petitions looking to the emancipation of slaves were presented. The Committee on Naval Affairs was instructed to inquire into the manner in which war vessels have been fitted out at the Navy Yards, rumors of great extravagance having obtained currency. A petition of citizens of Boston, relative to the freedom of the press, was presented by Mr. Hale.

THURSDAY, Dec. 26.—In the Senate, after the usual presentation of petitions, Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, offered a resolution, calling upon the President to transmit to the Senate copies of all despatches which have passed between our Government and that of Great Britain, relative to the seizure of Mason and Sillidell. Mr. Sumner objected to its consideration. Mr. Hale advocated its passage in a speech of considerable length, in which he opposed the restitution of the rebel envoys, and advocated in preference a war with Great Britain. The resolution was laid over, under the rule. Mr. Garrett Davis, the new Senator from Kentucky, gave notice of his intention to introduce a bill confiscating every species of property of all persons who have had any connection with the rebellion, either in a civil, military or naval capacity. Mr. Harlan, of Iowa, introduced a bill to establish a Provisional Government in all the seceded States. The Senate soon afterward adjourned until Monday.

In the House no business was transacted, for want of a quorum. Adjourned until Monday.

A VALUABLE INVENTION FOR THE LADIES.—The smallest articles are sometimes the most indispensable among the many articles of domestic utility. We suppose that common hooks and eyes form no unimportant item, and notwithstanding the universal approval of the improved Swanhill, a new and still greater improvement has recently been effected that will undoubtedly supersede the Swanhill hooks and eyes entirely. The new kind are called Eagle Talons; their peculiarity consists in an arrangement of the wire of which the hook is constructed, so that it will not unfasten of itself, and yet they are just as easily hooked and unhooked as the common kind, and are sewed on the same way.



CAMP

SCENES, SPORTS AND INCIDENTS IN CAMP GRAHAM, NEAR WASHINGTON D. C., HEADQUARTERS OF THE TWENTY-THIRD PENNSYLVANIA REGIMENT, ON THE OCCASION OF THE BIRTHDAY OF THE REGIMENT. SPECIAL ARTIST.



M P GRAHAM.

BAG RACE.

ON THE OCCASION OF THE PRESENTATION OF REGIMENTAL COLORS, BY THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14.—FROM A SKETCH TAKEN ON THE SPOT BY ONE OF OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 119.

LIVING OR DEAD?

A Story Founded upon Fact.

CHAPTER XVII.

VICTORINE was now at the height of prosperity. Outwardly, at least, everything went well with her. Her noble lover loaded her with the most costly presents, and her friends and acquaintances bowed down before the fortunate she whom his lordship delighted to honor. The time fixed for the marriage was not far distant, and Mrs. Ferrars was all bustle and importance, and her house seemed converted into a fancy fair. Here went on continually the rustle of silks and satins; feathers, laces and jewels presented themselves on every hand. No expense was spared to render the *trousseau* of the bride as magnificent as possible.

Victorine moved about in the midst of all this display with her usual calmness. There was no trace of anxiety visible on her unruffled brow; she knew better than to allow it. But a conflict was raging within; a struggle against an inward voice that, silence it as she might, would be heard.

Arthur's fate was the dark cloud on Victorine's horizon. She had no tenderness for him; but she felt stung by remorse. On one point at least, she knew he was not mad.

It was hard that his very love for her should have been turned against him. That she, on whom he leaned with such implicit faith, had been the first to fail him. And she felt this in her heart of hearts, and there was a pain and restlessness within which required all her skill to conceal—a shrinking from whatever might touch her wounded conscience—a shudder at his very name; and yet she must hear it with indifference, for Lord Wilcox went constantly to inquire tidings of him, and never failed to report them.

One day, as they were sitting together, Lord Wilcox said, "Mr. Leslie is no better at all, Dr. Bowdler tells me."

"Oh, indeed!" said Victorine, and she moved uneasily.

"He is very violent at times, particularly about you, Victorine," said Lord Wilcox. "Well, I can forgive him even that now, poor fellow," he added, and Victorine winced again. "They say it will be a long time before he sees the outside of Dr. Bowdler's establishment," continued Lord Wilcox, unconsciously jarring on the same broken chord; "but that is no matter. He is safer there than anywhere else."

"Perhaps he may recover," said Victorine, feebly.

"Not very likely," replied Lord Wilcox. "A hopeless case, no doubt. He is as obstinate as ever about that spectre of his. Good heavens! how I should hate any one belonging to me to see a spectre!" he cried, with a look of as much alarm as if he had seen one himself.

"Well, but I want to hear about your sister, Lady Henrietta," said Victorine, turning the conversation. "You told me she wanted me to go somewhere with her, or do something—I really forget what."

"Ah, yes," he replied; "she does want you to go with her down to Oak Park—Sir Harry Lorimer's place, you know."

"To Oak Park?" said Victorine.

"Yes," was the reply. "Sir Harry is not back yet. But the dowager Lady Lorimer is there, and has filled the house with visitors, young and old. She is Hetty's godmother, and when anything is going forward, Hetty must be there. The old lady dotes upon her."

"But she does not dote upon me, I suppose," said Victorine, laughing.

"No, for she has not seen you yet," replied Lord Wilcox. "When she does—"

"There, no flattery," interrupted Victorine, good-humoredly; "it is contrary to rule and regulation."

"We do not call a plain statement of the truth flattery," said Lord Wilcox, who had dropped his slipshod way of talking, and improved considerably since his engagement. "However, I want Lady Lorimer to see you, and I hope you will soon become excellent friends."

"But I have no invitation," said Victorine. "I cannot thrust myself upon her unwarrantably."

"You will have an invitation in due form and order," said Lord Wilcox. "You will go down with my sister. To be sure, the country is a wonderfully damp, foggy, unpleasant sort of concern just now," he added, ruefully; "but we shall make up for it in-doors. You do not object to go, Victorine?"

"I?" said Victorine. "No—that is to say, if—"

"If what?" interrupted Lord Wilcox.

"If the invitation comes, and all goes right," said Victorine, looking down, and playing with her bracelet.

Oak Park was associated too much with Arthur to be agreeable to her; it was there he had seen the spectre. Victorine had decided antipathy to the trip, though she did not choose to express it. It was to her interest to curry favor with Lord Wilcox's friends, and she did not suppose Constance, any more than Arthur, could interfere to prevent it. They were both dead to her. But, from some cause or other, her heart misgave her about this expedition. She would have drawn back if policy had let her; as it was, the invitation came, and there was no alternative but to accept it. She did not fear the recurrence of Arthur's name, or being questioned about him, unless, indeed, what she hardly dared to think of, Sir Harry should return whilst she was there. Arthur's only friend at Oak Park was Sir Harry. The rest of the family treated him with coldness, and he never put himself in their way. The Dowager Lady Lorimer, whose jewels were said to be as fine as any in England, and who traced her pedigree through centuries of gentle blood, would deem the fate of a poor artist like Arthur Leslie beneath her notice. Nor were her sympathies more tender to Victorine. It had taken some time to reconcile her to the match; but Lord Wilcox was a pet of hers, and he had used very decisive measures with her ladyship on the subject. The consequence was that, after a few bitter speeches on the degeneracy of the aristocratic world, the only one Lady Lorimer lived in, she condescended to invite Victorine to the house over which she ruled in her son's absence. The note of invitation, though courteously worded, was as cold as ice; but Victorine never let her pride clash with her interest, and accepted it without hesitation.

Lady Henrietta Wilcox was in every respect the reverse of her august godmother. No process whatever could make her either aristocratic or dignified, and so, after trying a long time, the dowager had given it up in despair, and Hetty, as she was called, had it all her own way, even in the lordly domain of Oak Park.

"But, then, her pedigree is so unsullied! One can forgive much for the sake of that in these days," was the old lady's consoling observation.

Lady Henrietta was not particularly attractive. She was tall, and, if one might be allowed the expression, decidedly gawky. She was as regardless of her toilet as her brother was fastidious about it. She wore her hair in a rough mass of curls; her dresses were neither fashionable in their make, nor remarkable for their nicety in fitting, and no young lady in the kingdom occasioned more heartburnings to her maid than did my Lady Hetty. But Hetty was decidedly good-natured, and though she did not quite like Victorine, she was determined to make her visit to Oak Park as agreeable as possible, and from the first moment of her entering the house took her under her wing.

Victorine, in her quietude and self-possession, with every hair in its place, and every propriety of dress and manner fully regarded, was a match even for Lady Lorimer.

They met at the head of the staircase, just as her ladyship, in velvet train and diamonds, was on her way to the drawing-room before dinner. Nothing could be more graceful than the movement Victorine made in acknowledgment of the dowager's stately recognition, nothing more suitable than the reply she made to the cold address that greeted her.

It was a pity her pedigree was so deficient; and so the dowager thought, for she whispered to Lady Henrietta, who, in a crumpled gown and tawdry ribbons, was hanging on her arm,

"The young person has really some conduct, Hetty."

"My sister-in-law," said Henrietta—"Lady Wilcox that is to be?"

Is that the young person to whom you refer?"

"Ah, Hetty, with your brother's rank and fortune, it is not to be wondered at that I should feel some pang of regret!" said Lady Lorimer.

"I do not clearly see the cause of regret, if Miss Ferrars makes him a good wife," replied Henrietta, bluntly.

"But, Hetty, you have such notions! Now do not get into your foolish head that you are to marry just for the sake of a good husband. Do you hear, child? Proprieties must be regarded, and a hundred things quite irrespective of that."

"You can never convert me from certain good old ways of thinking on that point," replied Lady Henrietta, obstinately. "I should certainly regard the good husband first, and let the other things come as they chose."

"Ah, Hetty," said Lady Lorimer, "you are incorrigible! But you will get older and wiser by-and-by."

"Doubtful," she replied; "but I must go and talk to Miss Ferrars. She is under my protection until my brother comes."

"Ask her if she knows Lady Dashwood," said Lady Lorimer.

"I am sure she does," was the reply. "I fancy there is some family connection between them."

"Is there? Well, the Dashwoods are an excellent family, as good as any in England!" cried the dowager, brightening up.

"And so are the Ferrars," replied Henrietta, shortly.

"I cannot find them in the Red-book," said the old lady.

"Perhaps your ladyship did not look in the right place," said Henrietta.

The dowager was half won by Lady Henrietta's hint of the Dashwood connection, and she condescended to notice Victorine, and even to converse with her in her stately and ceremonious manner.

Victorine could be as ceremonious as Lady Lorimer when she chose, and her wonderful adaptation to the persons with whom she associated came out, as it always did, to her advantage. She deferred to the old lady, flattered her weaknesses, without seeming to do so, said just what she should say, and no more, and, above all, inserted a wholesome number of grand names into her conversation.

The dowager was mollified. Every successive name brought Victorine nearer to the elevation on which she herself stood. The "young person" was not really so plebeian as Lady Lorimer had imagined; her connections were, after all, very passable. Indeed, it was discovered towards the close of the evening that her great great grandmother had been the distant cousin to an earl.

"So that there has been some good blood in the family," said the dowager, complacently, as she sailed up the great staircase to bed. "I do not think, Hetty, your brother has done so very much amiss."

"Except marrying out of your Red-book," said Henrietta, laughing.

"I hope you will find everything comfortable, ma'am," said the old housekeeper, as she lighted Victorine to her room. "This was Mr. Leslie's room—poor gentleman!"

"Mr. Leslie! What, Arthur?" cried Victorine, starting, and a painful recollection flashing upon her.

She looked round; it was long and low, just as he had described it. Here were the beams in the ceiling, and the projecting window-sills. There were the antique furniture and heavy curtains, and the firelight flickering upon them. She gave an instinctive shudder, for the coincidence was an unpleasant one.

"You know him, then, poor young gentleman?" continued the housekeeper.

"Yes, I do know him," replied Victorine, hesitating.

"A nice pleasant-spoken young gentleman he was as ever lived," said the housekeeper, and master took to him wonderfully. This is called his room, because he could always sleep here when he liked, and when my lady was not stopping. You see she's high like, and doesn't take to folks unless they're grandees."

Victorine could hardly keep from smiling.

"He came once this autumn, and has never been since," continued the housekeeper. "We heard that the young lady he was going to marry behaved ill to him, and that he went crazy about her. I don't know the rights of it, but Sir Harry will look into it when he comes home."

"I rather think it is not the truth," said Victorine, coolly. "But I must trouble you to send my maid. It seems as if this bell would not make itself heard."

The housekeeper colored up, and bustled off, highly affronted at being cut short in the midst of her gossiping; but she revenged herself by animadversions on Victorine.

"Such a proud stuck-up piece of goods, and come of nothing," exclaimed she to her fellow-servants; "that's just how it is. Set a beggar on horseback, and all the world knows where he will ride to!"

The next morning, while Victorine was still at her toilette, Lady Henrietta knocked at the door.

"May I come in?" she asked, "or are you asleep?"

"I am not asleep certainly," replied Victorine, admitting her.

"Dear me! Victorine, how pale you look!" she exclaimed.

"I have not slept well. Some people cannot in a strange room. It is a peculiarity of temperament," said Victorine. "You, Hetty, are an early riser."

"Oh, yes, I am half a schoolgirl yet," she replied; "and have not arrived at the age when it is considered fashionable to spend the best part of the day in bed. I have a vigorous and robust constitution—too much so to please my godmother."

"Indeed!" said Victorine.

"Yes, my state of health is exceedingly plebeian," said Henrietta, "and so are my habits. As, for instance, I am going to walk to the village before breakfast. What do you think of that?"

"I think it very heroic, such a dull damp morning as this," replied Victorine.

"That is just how you slumberers belie the beauty of nature," said her ladyship. "It is a delightful morning. There is the sun glancing on the old trees in the park, and the husbandman going whistling to his work, and the lowing of cattle, and a thousand pleasant sights and sounds. I was almost thinking of asking you to walk with me."

"I shall be very happy," said Victorine.

"But you are not well enough," said Lady Henrietta. "You would break down. It is a mile to the village, and I am going to walk, mind. I have a vulgar predilection for exercise."

"A wholesome one, you should say," returned Victorine. "But I am quite well enough to remove all apprehensions. I will go with you, certainly."

"That is very kind of you," said Henrietta. "And now, if you are ready, I shall send you some coffee, and then we will set off."

It was not an unpleasant morning, notwithstanding the season of the year. It was mild and genial, and, as Lady Henrietta had said, the sunlight, though somewhat feeble, glanced cheerfully on the great old trees in the park. A walk at this early hour was out of harmony with Victorine's usual mode of proceeding; but the desire to please Lord Wilcox's sister had caused her to assent with such apparent alacrity.

"You must know I am going to pay some visits this morning," said Henrietta, as they walked along.

"Visits! to whom? You should have told me that," said Victorine, glancing at her dress.

"Oh, you are quite smart enough," said Henrietta. "I am not going to see any grandees. I am going where there are no smart clothes to be met with."

"What! are you a district visitor?" asked Victorine, with a sarcastic smile.

"And why not?" said her ladyship.

"Indeed, I can hardly tell you," replied Victorine. "I would rather ask, why should you be?"

"Because I love the poor, and it does me good to go among them," said Henrietta. "It teaches me patience and humility, and certain other virtues that my excellent godmother has overlooked in my training."

"I suppose Sir Harry Lorimer owns all the village," said Victorine, passing by this observation.

"Yes," replied Henrietta; "but the cottagers are not so well taken care of as they would be if Sir Harry Lorimer were more at home. He loves the poor as much as I do," she added, a bright flush passing over her face.

"And when is Sir Harry Lorimer expected to return?" asked Victorine.

She disliked him in her heart, for no reason she could think of save that he was Arthur's friend, and might take upon himself to meddle in their affairs, and perhaps stir the matter to the bottom. She looked upon him as coming home with a vague and applicable dread, and hoped it would be deferred until after her marriage.

"His return is very uncertain," replied Lady Henrietta; "have you ever seen him?"

"No, never," said Victorine.

"I will show you his picture when we get home," said Lady Henrietta.

rietta. "He is just what an English gentleman ought to be. You must know, Victorine, he is the beau ideal of perfection in my eyes."

"Oh! indeed," said Victorine, laughing.

"But I am afraid he is engaged," continued Henrietta, with some gravity. "What a pity that is, is it not? We should have suited each other so exactly. However, one thing I am resolved upon, not to marry at all, unless I meet with some one as good."

Victorine was saved the trouble of a reply by the fact of their being now in the village, and Lady Henrietta entering one of the cottages. She seemed quite at home there, and to be most heartily beloved. Her repeated visits to Oak Park had given her the opportunity of establishing an influence over the villagers, greatly to their advantage; for she had a wonderful tact in showing them kindness without the least assumption of superiority.

"How good it is of you to do all this," said Victorine, moved to admire what she had not the smallest desire to imitate; "but do you walk to the village every morning?"

"If I can I do," replied Henrietta. "But I asked you to come with me for a reason, and not because I wished to make any display."

"And what reason is it?" asked Victorine.

"It is that you may do the same by-and-by," said Lady Henrietta earnestly.

"You are very good," said Victorine; "but I must confess I have not the talent or the—"

"Inclination?" said Henrietta. "Ah! I was afraid of that. But, do you know the cottagers on my brother's estate have been under my care, and I cannot bear to think that when I leave them they will never hear a friendly voice again. Be kind to them, Victorine, for my sake."

"That I will," said Victorine. "I will relieve their necessities as far as I am able."

"But giving money is a small part of charity," said Henrietta; "it is the kind word, the expression of sympathy that is of such priceless value."

Victorine was silent; on this point she had nothing to say. The poor and their sympathies lay completely out of her track.

"My brother is very kind-hearted," continued Henrietta; "but he wants to lose some of that outside foppery. Do not encourage him to be a fop, Victorine."

"And pray what is your definition of a fop?" asked Victorine.

"I am not sure that I understand it."

"Why it is to do as he does, and waste hour after hour of a life that might be good and useful, before the glass. I want him to live to some purpose, as I mean to do, beginning now. You can persuade him into anything, Victorine; persuade him into that, will you?"

"But I must plead guilty to wishing him to remain just as he is," said Victorine.

"Oh, no! You cannot like him as he is!" said Henrietta. "Do not like him as he is! Make him better. There is plenty of material to work upon."

"What would you have him do?—turn preacher, found schools, go out as a missionary? What field of usefulness would you propose?" said Victorine, with another touch of sarcasm.

"I would have him remember the good old maxim that England expects every man to do his duty," replied Henrietta. "You can wring him up to it if you strike the right chord."

Improving her husband was the very remotest end that Victorine proposed to herself in marrying Lord Wilcox. But she concealed her disposition to laugh at what she thought Lady Henrietta's supreme folly, and merely said, "You should undertake the task yourself. You seem by far the most fitted for it."

"But I have not the influence with him that you have," replied Henrietta. "You have immense influence! Do use it for good, Victorine."

Victorine felt rather uneasy in Lady Henrietta's society. She had imagined her a mere awkward school-girl, good-natured and easy to manage. It appeared she had individuality of character, which was more than Victorine had reckoned for.

The paths of these two women lay apart, and the motives that influenced them were totally opposed to each other.

"How I hate people who are always trying to be perfect!" thought Victorine, when the walk was over, and she retired to her room.

"Henrietta and I shall never be allies, that is very certain. Improving my husband! What an idea!" and she shrugged her shoulders with disdain. "No, indeed! Let him give me his title, and his position, and he may cultivate his whiskers, and curl his hair to the end of the chapter."

CHAPTER XVIII.

DESPITE the fatigue occasioned by her sleepless night, and the unwonted exertion that followed upon it, Victorine made her toilette with her usual studied elegance, and proceeded to the breakfast-room. On the staircase she met Lord Wilcox, who had just arrived, and who was all anxiety to see her.

"Ah, Victorine!" said he, "I have given Hetty such a scolding. That is just like her, to drag you out in this damp air, nobody knows where, and to see nobody knows what! Hetty is a good girl; but if she chooses to do such things, she should at least go alone."

"I assure you I went quite willingly. There was no compulsion in the matter," said Victorine, cheerfully.

"That is because you are so amiable," said Lord Wilcox; "but your amiability is not to be imposed upon. It has knocked you up desperately! I see it has."

"I enjoyed the walk very much," said Victorine; "but use is second nature, you know; and as I am not used to walking before breakfast it was rather a strain upon me—that is all."

"Hetty will not ask you to do it again," said Lord Wilcox.

"I hope you have not really scolded her," said Victorine. "She invited me in the kindest manner, and yet was hardly willing I should go. Your sister's energy of character is wonderful," she added, in a tone of admiration.

"Ah!" said Lord Wilcox, shrugging his shoulders. "It is wonderful! But come, let me take you in to breakfast."

"Good morning, Miss Ferrars," said the dowager, who had already taken her seat at the head of the table. "So you patronise early walks and district visiting, I hear."

There was a touch of spite in the old lady's voice, and Hetty instantly exclaimed, "No, she does not! She hates it! I am never going to take her again."

"You use rather strong language," said Victorine, as usual anxious to temporise; "stronger by far than my own feelings on the subject warrant."

"Perhaps you will allow us to hear what your feelings are, Miss Ferrars," said the dowager, with cold politeness.

"I have never thought much about it," replied Victorine, quietly; "when a talent of that sort has not been given, it is useless to act as if one had it."

"Excellent, my dear Victorine!" cried Lord Wilcox. "I am heartily glad to hear it. Hetty does enough for the whole family. She has set up a dozen ragged schools, at least. Indeed, I can never stir out without stumbling on a school or an institution."

"I am sure she is very praiseworthy; I would do the same if I could," said Victorine, warmly.

"Oh! it is all very well establishing those sort of things," exclaimed the dowager, with a toss of her head; "of course, the lower classes must be taught, but to teach them oneself, to endure the heat, and the coldness, and—and—the smell, in fact," added her ladyship, pausing on the obnoxious word, "is entirely out of the question; let people of their own stamp teach them, to whom these things are not so unpleasant as they are to us."

"They are not at all unpleasant to me," interrupted Henrietta, quickly. "I suppose it is because I am used to them."

"I am sorry you have such bad taste, Hetty," said the dowager, reprovingly; "but I could forgive you if you did not exert your influence so often on the wrong side. You are quite an intriguer in your way. All people are who have that trick of going from house to house."

"In what respect am I an intriguer?" asked Henrietta, raising her head proudly, and looking her godmother in the face.

"What! Hetty an intriguer! No, never!" said Lord Wilcox, hastily. "Your ladyship must be mistaken."

"No, I am not. There is a small passage at arms between Hetty and myself," said the dowager.

"About poor Sanders, who lives at the park gate. Now I understand you," cried Henrietta; "I should serve his cause very ill if I used anything but open intercession in his behalf. There is no intrigue going on there, I assure you, godmamma."

"Yes, there is," said the dowager; "you encourage that man in his rebellion. You think he is right and I am wrong."

"If I do think so, it is because there is no law against liberty of thought and judgment," replied Henrietta. "You shall hear the case, Miss Ferrars. Here is a faithful and attached servant of the family about to be turned out of his place, on the mere suspicion of disrespectful behavior—mere suspicion, I say. He does not cringe enough. He does not lick the dust of our feet. He dares to have principles of his own; to be a man, in fact, and not a serf. And so, in an evil hour, he has been unfortunate enough to fall under the ban of Lady Lorimer's displeasure, and at this season of the year, with a sick wife and young children, is to be turned out into the world to shift for himself. There is not the slightest imputation on his character. Even godmother herself gives him credit for having always done his duty."

"You garble the matter, Hetty," cried Lady Lorimer. "Now I will tell you. This Sanders is the very model of insolence. He has been brought up in a bad school, and sets his superiors at defiance. What do you think of a man, Miss Ferrars," she added, appealing to Victorine, "standing with his hat on in my presence, and not once, but twice, three or four times?"

"Yes, when there was snow, and ice, and east wind, and everything combining to cut his head off, if he did not," said Henrietta. "You know, godmother, you kept him in conversation half an hour."

"No matter," said the dowager. "The decencies of life require that he, an inferior and a servant, should not presume to wear his hat when I was talking to him."

"Not under ordinary circumstances. But he had hardly recovered from a severe illness. Your unnecessary exposure of the poor man to the tender mercies of an east wind brought on a relapse," said Lady Henrietta, reproachfully.

"You have not answered me, Miss Ferrars," said the dowager, again appealing to Victorine. "What do you think about the matter?"

Victorine answered in a calm, temperate manner, that had all the appearance of an impartial judgment.

"You, Lady Lorimer," said she, "are justly offended at so glaring a breach of etiquette, and I defer to your opinion, than in these days there is great danger of the barriers of respect between the different classes in society being trespassed upon. On the other hand," she added gracefully, "Lady Henrietta's generous kindness leads her to dwell on the excuse that could be offered, and not only to excuse but to pity."

"Especially as he has a sick wife, and a number of little children, the youngest an infant," said Henrietta, not altogether pleased with Victorine's temporising spirit.

"Oh, that is the case with them all!" said the dowager, carelessly; "where will you find a man who tries to impose on your feelings, without a wife and children to complete the picture? It is a regular trade cry."

"Well, I must say I pity the poor fellow heartily, and I think Hetty is right about it," said Lord Wilcox; "it was the most sensible thing he could do under the circumstances. I should have done so myself."

"Hardly in Lady Lorimer's presence," said Victorine, gently. "Why not? Her ladyship's presence could not protect me from the east wind. Besides, if I had just been ill, I should certainly think it my duty to take care of my head, for the sake of my wife and family," replied Lord Wilcox, laughing.

"Thank you, Francis; that is kind and just," cried Henrietta, her open countenance beaming with pleasure. "You will intercede with Sir Harry when he comes home, will you not?"

"I? not I, indeed, Hetty! I will have nothing to do with it. It is no concern of mine. I hate interceding for people—it is such a bore!" And Lord Wilcox leaned back in his chair, as if the thought fatigued him.

"Do work him up, Victorine!" whispered Henrietta; "use your influence; you see how impressive he is."

But Victorine looked coldly at her; and said immediately after, as if determined to have no more of the subject, "What news from town, Francis? Have you no letters for me?" And having got the conversation into her own hands, she kept it there, to the dowager's great relief, and to Lady Henrietta's extreme vexation.

Victorine saw how the land lay. Lady Henrietta would seem her most natural ally. But Lady Henrietta's principles and Victorine's were wholly antagonistic. Then Lady Henrietta with her crotchets might marry a poor curate, or anybody, in fact, who could preach, and teach, and visit the poor. Lady Lorimer was a fixed established fact: she would never descend an inch from where she stood. She was the most powerful, and her friendship would undoubtedly be the most important. Victorine was determined to build her faith on the dowager. As for Lady Henrietta, she felt back on the thought of Sir Harry's return for consolation, and went into the picture-gallery to study his portrait more minutely.

The dowager was pleased with what she called "Miss Ferrars's just and proper sentiments," and sending her god-daughter into a temporary exile, she took the new comer into favor.

Victorine knew how to follow up her advantage. It was quite a study of this particular phase of human nature to watch her.

The affair of the man Sanders did not rest here. Lady Henrietta was not a person to give up her point easily. In the absence of Sir Harry, she again appealed to her brother, and tormented him, as he expressed it, "half out of his life."

"It is such a bore, Hetty—the whole thing is such a bore!" said he, yawning. "Why cannot you ask Victorine? She is a greater favorite than I am."

Victorine and Lady Lorimer were in earnest conversation at the other end of the room. Her ladyship on the sofa, with a lace shawl thrown carelessly round her, and her feet on a stool, the autocrat of the drawing-room. Victorine, with an air of engaging modesty and sweetness, was seated on a low chair before her, receiving initiatory lessons, with a humility that made Lady Henrietta, high-born and high-spirited as he was, almost cringe to see it.

"I dare say you will do very well," said the dowager. "Persons of your quick abilities, my dear Miss Ferrars, are seldom at a loss anywhere; and if you should be at fault, I shall always esteem it a pleasure to give you any little hint that may be necessary."

"Now if such a speech had been made to me!" thought Henrietta, flushing up at the idea.

"Oh, that is so kind of you, Lady Lorimer," said Victorine, gratefully. "Indeed, I shall feel more flattered by your condescension than discouraged by my own ignorance. I can have no higher standard than Lady Lorimer."

"You are very polite to say so," returned her ladyship. "But I take quite an interest in you. I think you decidedly superior to your cousin."

"Victorine!" burst in Henrietta, unable to tolerate another word, and thinking this flow of popularity might be turned to good account, "I want you to take my part, if you please. It is a right part, or I should not ask you."

"I shall be very happy, I am sure. What have you for me to do?" said Victorine, blandly.

"Only that Sanders—the dowager put up her hands in despair—"is going to be turned out next week," continued Henrietta, taking no notice of the sign, "and I must protest against it. I want you to join with me in entreating godmother to have mercy."

Lady Lorimer looked keenly at Victorine, and so did Lord Wilcox, who had joined them, and was lounging on the back of a chair. Victorine was placed in a delicate position, but she was quite equal to it.

"I have already said my say about it," she replied. "I think the matter admits of being argued on both sides, and that we should hardly venture to set our opinion against that of Lady Lorimer."

"Then would you have the poor man turned out?" cried Lady Henrietta, abruptly.

"I would leave his fate entirely in the hands of Lady Lorimer," said Victorine, quietly; "we may be quite sure she will temper justice with mercy."

"Take my advice, Miss Ferrars," said the dowager, highly delighted, "and never turn district visitor. You have too sound a judgment to fill a post where mere sentiment is the only desideratum."

"I never intend it," replied Victorine, laughing. "I have said before that I have no abilities for it, and I have a predilection for the wholesome maxim that charity begins at home."

It is an unjust world, and always will be. Victorine, who could with calmness have seen the whole Sanders family consigned to the workhouse, actually saved them by that indescribable gift of tact.

Lady Lorimer could not resist the appeal so dexterously made. It

found its way somewhere, not into her heart, but into her decision, and she forgave the man for Victorine's sake. And Lady Henrietta, the real philanthropist, who had not slept for devising schemes for his deliverance, had neither part nor lot in the matter.

"It is not you that have done it, Hetty. It is Miss Ferrars."

CHAPTER XIX.

AFTER the affair of the man Sanders had been set at rest, Lady Lorimer professed herself entirely converted to Victorine. Whether the dim vision of the earl in the background, or the charm of Victorine's saucy of manners and personal attractions, or both combined, brought about this state of things, no one knew. Certain it is, the dowager patronised her in a manner that would, from its very excess, have been offensive to any one but Victorine, in whose breast policy reigned supreme. Her ladyship lavished upon her the most unusual favors, took her out in the carriage every day, held the most confidential conversations with her, over-ruled even her marriage trousseau, and made the most unblushing alterations. It was "My dearest Victorine" at every turn; Lady Lorimer professed to treat her as a daughter. But all this, however pleasing, would have gone for nothing with Victorine, if some substantial good had not come of it; and one day a mine of gold seem to turn up under her feet.

After sundry closings of Lord Wilcox and the dowager together, it was announced to Victorine, as her ladyship's will and pleasure, against which there was no appeal, that the wedding should take place at Oak Park on her birthday; that the circle of guests should be enlarged for the occasion, and Mrs. Ferrars invited to join the party, as soon as she conveniently could. Victorine made at first a show of resistance, disclaiming her right to such extraordinary favor, and a number of little scenes took place between her and the dowager to that effect. But Lady Lorimer insisted on carrying out her plan. It was to be hoped Sir Harry would be home in time, since, in default of near relatives, he was to give away the bride. Lady Henrietta and a group of highborn damsels were to be the bridesmaids, the tenantry were to have a feast, there were no bounds to the magnitude of her ladyship's programme. One clause in it displeased Victorine. For she was not at the zenith of her prosperity? Lord Wilcox at her feet, patronised by the dowager, wealth, rank, all the glory of the world given her in exchange for her broken faith to Arthur? No success could be more complete! But still the clause struck to her heart with a vague terror—"It is to be hoped Sir Harry will be home." She would have given half her glory to prevent that hope being fulfilled.

Victorine dreaded Sir Harry beyond measure. Even to look at his picture made her uneasy. His clear, penetrating eye seemed to search her out. It was a noble face, open as the day, sternly truthful. She had never seen the original, but she lay awake many a night, tortured by the dread lest it should suddenly appear, a marplot to involve her in confusion. Still, he might not come in time. There was a doubt, and she breathed more freely. His presence afterwards she should not care for. She and Lord Wilcox would be taking their wedding tour; there would be a hundred chances in her favor then.

It was rather difficult to play her part skilfully, and to keep clear of the pitfalls that lay around her. The dowager would be satisfied with nothing but absolute vassalage. Anything short of this would not answer, and Victorine had to yield it, in spite of risking Lady Henrietta's contempt. She would have the dowager and Lady Henrietta, too, if she could; but, under all circumstances, the dowager. Every moment she was off duty with the one was spent in trying to conciliate the other, in inquiring after the poor people of the village, taking credit to herself for the emancipation of Sanders, making ample professions for the future.

"You know, my dear Henrietta, that I shall have it then in my power to do so much. We will work together in those days, will we not?"

They were walking in the park, and Lady Henrietta appeared to be looking steadfastly at something, and did not seem prepared to reply. At length, on Victorine repeating her observation, she said, turning quickly round upon her,

"Will you come with me, now? I am going to the village. I wish you would."

"Thank you, not to-day," replied Victorine. "I should hardly venture so far, and Lady Lorimer seems not to like it. I cannot run counter to her prejudices, when I am actually staying under her roof."

"Victorine, if I were you, I would not cringe to Lady Lorimer. I would not!" repeated Lady Henrietta, impetuously. "I would up and speak for myself. Think what fetters you are forging for yourself!"

"You forget," replied Victorine, with an air of great modesty, "that my position in the family—"

"Nonsense!" said Henrietta. "I beg your pardon for interrupting you, but it is nonsense. If you took your proper stand, no one could help but acknowledge your right to it. It is where you put yourself, not where society chooses to imagine you."

"Still, when you consider Lady Lorimer's position," said Victorine, gently, "and her natural wish that your brother should make an equal marriage, I must own that she has treated me with remarkable condescension."

"Oh, how I hate that word!" cried Henrietta, stopping her ears. "Please never use it again. Have you no pride, Victorine? Not any at all?"

"I was always taught to consider pride an evil, and humility a virtue," replied Victorine, smiling.

"Well, I am proud, I confess it, and so is Francis. Though, just now, he is too much in love to be anything. We have never knocked under to Lady Lorimer in our lives, and never shall. And Sir Harry—oh, Victorine, he is coming home to-day!" And Lady Henrietta turned to her companion, her face rosy as the dawn.

Coming home to-day! Victorine staggered under the blow, and felt it through her whole being. It caused a momentary suspension of her energies. But she recovered, with a desperate effort, and said, with a tone of indifference,

"Oh, indeed!"

"Do not speak so coldly, Victorine," cried Lady Henrietta, reproachfully. "It is an era in my life. So much depends upon it."

"I thought he was engaged," said Victorine, in a calm, measured tone.

"No he is not," replied Henrietta. "I was mistaken. We all have our romances. I have mine, and he has his. He has been attached for years to such a beautiful woman—the most beautiful woman I ever saw; I dare not hold my head up before her. All the royalty on earth could not bear me down as she does, for she is a poetess, and everything else besides. And I—I have loved him ever since we were children together, for we were like brother and sister. And I think he would have returned my love, but for his goddess, as he called her. But the goddess will not have him. So, perhaps—"

Victorine did not immediately reply, and when she did it was like some one speaking in a dream.

"So, perhaps your knight-errant may return. I wish it might be so."

"Ah, I love him so faithfully," returned Henrietta, putting her arm in Victorine's, and looking eagerly into her face, "it is but natural; he is so good, so noble, and we have been thrown so much together. I am glad you will see him, Victorine; you will love him for my sake. You cannot help loving him!"

"What! and make Lord Wilcox jealous!" said Victorine, laughing.

Poor Victorine! An hour later she sat before her glass, laying on the rouge with practised finger, her hand trembling, and her heart distracted by vain apprehensions.

Lady Henrietta, beaming with ingenuous delight, was smoothing her tangled hair, and, for the first time since her arrival at Oak Park, making herself thoroughly presentable.

(To be continued.)

A CORRESPONDENT proposes that shells filled with red pepper should be used against the enemy; such shells would be almost as formidable on board ship as if they were filled with conical balls, as those known who have ever smelt burnt cayenne pepper. When emigrants keep in their berths and will not come on deck, they are driven out of their holes by the carpenter, who carries a heated frying-pan down into the steerage, on which he sprinkles some red pepper and then runs away. It is an effectual evacuator; the laziest man soon becomes as active as the rest, and scampers on deck as fast as he can. Suppose some burning pepper lodged in the "tween decks" of an enemy, there would be no fighting the guns, and the brave tar, who did not care for cannon-balls, would be put to an inglorious rout by cayenne.

BY-LAWS OF THE

MASSACHUSETTS RIFLE CLUB.

I. SEVEN members of the Club, to be chosen by ballot, shall be a General Committee for the furtherance of the interests of the Club; and shall have the general charge of its property and affairs, and the management of its funds. Their duties shall include the hiring of armories and grounds, the employment of instructors, and the regulation and care of guns, uniforms and equipments. Four of them shall retire annually, but may be re-elected. The Committee shall choose a President, Vice-President and a Treasurer, from their own number; and may appoint a Secretary, and fill vacancies in their Board. All questions shall be decided by the vote of a majority.

II. There shall be an annual meeting of the Club on the second Monday of January; at which the General Committee shall make a statement of their proceedings during the past year, and the new Committee shall be chosen. The quorum necessary for the transaction of business at any meeting of the Club, except to adjourn the same, shall be 20 members.

III. The Club shall consist of two classes of members—enrolled and associate. No one shall be admitted a member for less than one year, nor without the approval of the General Committee; who may, if they see fit, provide for submitting the names of candidates to an election by the Club.

IV. The General Committee may elect, by unanimous vote, honorary members of the Club, who shall enjoy all the privileges of enrolled and associate members, but shall not be liable to the payment of any assessment.

V. Every enrolled member shall pay \$10 annually, or three dollars quarterly, in advance. They shall be arranged in companies by the General Committee as soon as they shall be reported as effective by the officer having them in charge.

VI. Associate members shall consist of subscribers of not less than \$50 in one payment, or of \$15 yearly. They will be entitled, under regulations to be prescribed by the General Committee, to practise on the ground, when it is not required by enrolled members; and may vote at the general meetings of the Club, and shall be eligible as members of the General Committee; but they shall not be obliged to obtain uniforms, unless they desire to take part in the drill of the enrolled members.

VII. The General Committee shall determine the number and rank of the military officers of the Club, and may create additional offices from time to time. The Committee shall also appoint the necessary military officers, until the military organization shall be so perfected as to make it proper, in the judgment of the Committee, to hold elections for such officers.

VIII. After the first formation, there shall be an election of military officers of the Club, every four months, on the second Mondays of January, May and September.

IX. The commissioned officers of each company shall be chosen by the company. Each field officer shall be chosen by the commissioned officer of his command. The duties of other officers shall be performed by members, to be designated daily by the commanding officers.

X. The General Committee may, if they see fit, nominate those field officers whose command includes members who drill at different hours; but any such nominations shall be submitted to the vote of all the officers subordinate to the nominee, and of a rank higher than that of lieutenant. And, if no such appointments shall be made, officers of equal rank in the different classes shall have precedence in rotation on drill or in parades.

XI. Elections and appointments shall be predicated upon the merits of the candidates, without reference to the regular order of promotion. In all elections whether direct or upon nomination of the Committee, three-fourths of the votes cast shall be necessary to a choice.

XII. The Committee shall give to any effective member whom they deem qualified, after examination, a certificate of his qualification to act as an officer; which certificate shall entitle him to wear a badge, to be determined by the Committee; and no person, without this certificate, shall be eligible as an officer.

XIII. The General Committee shall have power to confer prizes for the best shots; and they may establish fines for non-attendance, for violation of the rules established by them, and for disobedience of orders.

XIV. Any effective member of the Club may be permitted by the General Committee to temporarily withdraw from active duty; in which case he shall be deemed to have resigned any military office which he may hold, and shall be liable to the performance of no duties, except the payment of assessments; but may at any time resume a place in the ranks, giving notice thereof to the General Committee; or any effective member may be transferred to the list of associate members at his option, on making the necessary payments.

XV. Any enrolled member of the Club may apply to his commanding officer for a furlough, for a definite time; during which, if the furlough be granted, he shall be liable to pay only the annual assessment.

XVI. Any officer failing to perform his duties may be removed by a Court of Inquiry, to be convened by the General Committee; and any member may be expelled for misconduct, at a special meeting of the Committee called for the purpose of investigating the charges against him; but the accused shall, in either case, be allowed a copy of the charges preferred, and a reasonable time to prepare his defence.

XVII. Any member of the Club, having paid all his dues, may be honorably discharged by the General Committee.

XVIII. No member of the Club shall have the right to occupy its rooms or grounds for more than one fortnight after neglecting to pay any assessment or fine; and it shall be the duty of the General Committee to see that this rule is enforced, and to strike from the rolls of the Club any member who continues such neglect for the further space of one month.

XIX. The General Committee may provide for the instruction of persons, not members of the Club, upon such terms and conditions as they shall establish.

XX. It shall be the duty of the Secretary, upon the application of one commissioned officer and of 10 members, to call a special meeting of the Club, the purpose of which shall be indicated in the notice.

XXI. No change shall be made in these By-Laws, unless by a vote of three-fourths of those present, either at a meeting called for the purpose, or at the annual meeting; and notice of the proposed change shall be inserted in the notice calling the meeting at which it is to be acted on, and shall be posted in the room of the Club at least seven days previous to the meeting.

XXII. All meetings of the Club shall be called by notifying each enrolled and associate member by a notice in writing, sent by mail, and by advertising the same in some daily newspaper published in Boston.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

On the 5th of November five large ships arrived at Liverpool from Bombay, having on board 25,461 bales of cotton. One of the vessels made the passage in 93 days.

THE project for the construction of a great central hotel, situated in the Strand, London, to accommodate about 400 persons, has been revived. The projectors contemplate raising \$1,250,000, to be expended on a site extending from the Church of St. Clement's to the corner of Newcastle street, nearly opposite Somerset House. It is proposed to have 500 sleeping apartments, in addition to the usual sitting-rooms; and also to introduce the American system of management, including a general withdrawing-room, in which the company intending to meet at the table d'hôte can afterwards assemble and pass a pleasant evening.

THE new Napoleons struck at the Paris mint show the Imperial brow encircled with a laurel wreath, in token of the Emperor's victory of Solferino.

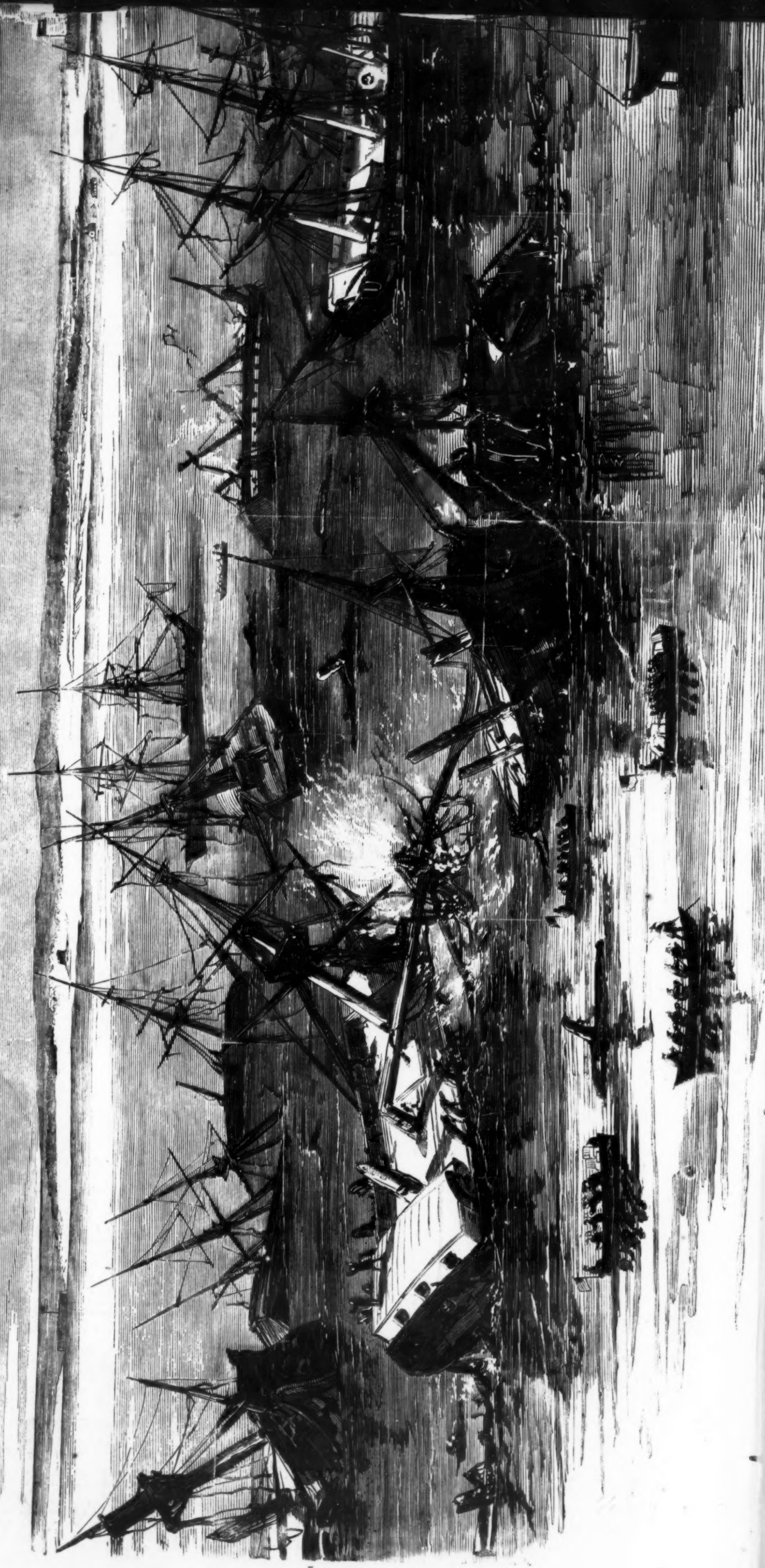
THE astronomer, Otto Struve, has received from the Emperor of Russia a sum of 125,000 r., to establish a complete observatory on Mount Ararat.

A SYSTEM of reporting by machinery is again announced, the discovery of a Frenchman, named Scott, who has for several years been engaged in experiments on the fixation of sound upon a prepared tablet, in the same way as photography fixes luminous images, and has met, he says, with considerable success in this new art, which he has named "Phonography."

THERE are at present 17,316 persons occupied on the Roman railway line from Capua to Ceprano, of whom 6,781 are women. In that country the women work very hard; they serve the masons, and earn 86 centimes a day.

It is stated that the Chambers of Commerce of Lyons, Rouen, Mulhouse, and other manufacturing places in France the trade of which with the United States has been prostrated by the civil war, have addressed memorials to the Imperial Government urging an immediate recognition of the Confederate States, and the raising of the blockade.

THE rise in the price of bread in France is causing so much alarm that the *Comité National*, in order to allay the apprehensions, in an article on the subject, states that the authorities had taken measures so that the price of a kilogramme should not exceed 20c. Several arrivals of grain from Liverpool are reported; these, it is hoped, will tend to keep down the price, which is now about 20 cents the quarter loaf.





BRIGADIER-GENERAL DANIEL E. SICKLES, EXCELSIOR BRIGADE.

AMONG the officers of our gigantic army of nearly three-quarters of a million of men which the events of the past eight months have called into the field, few are so well known to the public as Brigadier-General Sickles, of the Excelsior Brigade—a brigade originated and organized by him, in the face of extraordinary difficulties, which would have appalled and defeated any man of less determination and perseverance. Although chiefly distinguished in his profession of the law, and as a political leader, General Sickles was not without some military antecedents when he undertook to raise his brigade. That is to say, he had had such experience as service in our militia organizations afford; first on the staff of Brigadier-General George P. Morris, and subsequently as a field officer of the 12th New York Regiment. General Sickles's father, it may be added, had been for many years the colonel of a regiment, and two of his uncles had served as non-commissioned officers in the regular army. These examples and associations greatly fostered a naturally martial spirit, and General Sickles's friends were not surprised to find him among the first to offer his services to the Government, when the dreadful alternative of war was forced upon it by the fanatics and traitors of South Carolina.

General Sickles solicited no command: he only asked for authority to raise a brigade, and he did raise, discipline, and take to Washington a corps of 4,000 men. Few can comprehend the cost and exertion necessary to such an achievement, difficult under the most favorable circumstances, but rendered doubly so in this instance by secret and open hostility and detraction. The great fact, nevertheless, stands acknowledged that General Sickles raised, held and disciplined this large body of men, composed of recruits from the five States of Ohio, Michigan, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York, without their being mustered into the service, and without being himself invested with any legal authority in the premises, solely through his own sagacity and firmness—a fact implying eminent fitness for military command. And it may be mentioned here, as showing that his control was exercised in no offensive manner, that upwards of 30,000 men were offered to General Sickles during the period of the organization of his brigade. While on Staten Island, the whole brigade was clothed, quartered, and for a long time subsisted by General Sickles from his own resources.

General Sickles is, we believe, a native of New York City. He was admitted to the bar in 1844, and at once took an active part in politics. As a member of the Democratic party, he was elected to the Assembly of the State in 1847, and served for two terms, during which the laws of the State were remodelled on the basis of the new Constitution of 1846. In 1852 he was appointed Attorney to the Corporation of the city of New York, and in 1853 Secretary of the American Legation in London. Mr. Buchanan being then Minister. Resigning his position in 1855 he returned to New York, and was elected State Senator, which position he held until April, 1857. Meantime, however (November, 1856), he had been chosen to Congress, where he served for two terms, until the close of Mr. Buchanan's Administration, when he resolved on retiring to private life and the quiet practice of his profession, which he had never wholly relinquished.

From this brief outline it will be seen that General Sickles's life has been one of activity and responsibility; and, although neither he nor his brigade has yet had an opportunity of distinguishing themselves on the field, yet their services on the Lower Potomac have been both useful and arduous. To direct a charge or lead a forlorn hope are by no means the only duties of a General. The labors of the camp, and the task of disciplining, ordering and rendering effective a brigade, are heavy, and require constant activity, sound judgment and exemplary patience.

The proficiency, good sanitary condition and excellent promise of the Excelsior Brigade afford the best evidence that their commander has the substantial qualities of a good General, and, when the opportunity offers, the city of New York has full confidence that General Sickles and his men will realize the high hopes which have been formed of their skill and bravery. They take their designation from the glorious motto on the shield of the State, which, we have no doubt, will derive new lustre from their deeds on the field of battle.

OBITUARY.

Death of Prince Albert.

THE people of the United States were startled and saddened on receiving the unexpected intelligence of the sudden death of Prince Albert of Saxe-Gotha, Prince Consort of England, which took place in Buckingham Palace, on Sunday, the 16th of December last, from an attack of gastric fever. Francis Albert Augustus Charles Emanuel, Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, was born at Rosenau, in the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg, on the 26th August, 1819—just three months after the birth of Victoria, his future Queen. He was the second son of Ernest, Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, under whose immediate personal superintendence he received an admirable education, which he completed by attending the University of Bonn during three academical sessions. In 1838 he visited England in company with the King of Belgium, and spent some time at the Court of the youthful Queen, and next year it was formally announced to the Privy Council by the Queen that she intended to form a matrimonial alliance with Prince Albert. The marriage was solemnized February 10, 1840. For the purpose of rendering the Prince perfectly independent, the magnificent permanent allowance of \$150,000 a-year was made to him by Parliament. Beside which, he was a Field Marshal, Knight of the Garter and other Orders, Colonel of the Fusilier Guards, and held a number of other honorary and lucrative appointments. Prince Albert was a man of refined taste, and an accomplished musician and draughtsman. Forbidden by his position to interfere with politics, he occupied himself in superintending the education of his children. The progress of the arts and sciences, and general philanthropic subjects, such as the "dwellings of the working classes," sanitary arrangements, etc., also engaged his attention. He was president and patron of numerous charitable institutions, in which he took an active interest. He was the chief promoter, if not the originator of the great World's Exhibition of 1851, and was greatly delighted at the immense success of that magnificent undertaking. In agricultural science he took great interest, and his farming-stock has been frequently exhibited and gained prizes. As a patron of art and literature, too, Prince Albert was particularly active.

In this country, the popular feeling, on the occasion of the death of Prince Albert, will naturally take the form of deep sympathy for the bereaved Queen, whose name is regarded here as a synonym of all the womanly virtues. Called as she now is to sit in the shadow of a great affliction, she will be attended by the sympathies of millions in our own country, who, but a few months ago, found pride and pleasure in tending to her eldest son the cordial civilities, which were meant no less in homage to the virtues of the mother than to the titled rank of the royal visitor. No passing cloud in the diplomatic relations of the two countries will be suffered to check this natural impulse of the American people at the present moment.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE FALLEN BRAVE: A Biographical Memorial of the American Officers who have given their lives for the Preservation of the Union. By JOHN GILBERT SHRA. With eight Portraits on Steel, by J. A. O'NEILL. New York: Charles R. Richardson & Co., 410, pp. 228.

This is a work of abiding National interest and value, printed and illustrated in a style appropriate to its subject, and edited with singular care and judgment. It contains sketches, more or less elaborate, of

upwards of 20 of the most distinguished officers of the National army who have fallen on the field during the present war—Ellsworth, Winthrop, Greble, Ward, Farnham, Cameron, Slocum, Haggerty, Tillinghast, Lyon, Lowe, Baker, Gavitt, Putnam, McCook, etc.—names graven on the tablets of our Nation's History, and which all tongues pronounce with reverent honor. It is well that these memorials find a record and abiding place now, when the facts concerning those to whom they relate can be accurately verified. Besides, it is well that the example of the fallen shall be held up to those in the field, as an encouragement to renewed zeal and devotion. In the language of Mr. Shea, "When the darkened mind of the Rebellion seeks to cover its crime by aspersing the loyal, by affixing odious nicknames, by every imputation of moral worthlessness, it is not unwise for America to hold up the lives of her Fallen Brave! There is none of whose life she need blush, whose death she may not at once deplore and admire. To their fellow-soldiers still facing the foe they are a justification, a pattern and a watchword!"

STREAKS OF LIGHT; OR, FIFTY-TWO FACTS FROM THE BIBLE, etc. By the Author of "More about Jesus," etc. Harper & Bros.

This is one of those too-numerous attempts to write down the Bible to the mental level of babes—a puerile paraphrase of the grand language of Scripture, in words of two syllables. If a parent desires to produce a weak impression of Bible truths and incidents on the minds of his children, instead of leaving them free to be stamped with the deeply cut seal which God Himself has graven, then he will tolerate such books as this, not otherwise. The most that can be said of it is that it is a well-meant but mistaken attempt to do good—"poor but pious."

YOUNG BENJAMIN FRANKLIN; OR, THE RIGHT ROAD THROUGH LIFE. A Boy's Book on a Boy's own Subject. By HENRY MAYHEW, with Illustrations by JOHN GILBERT. Harper & Bros., 12mo., pp. 561.

The story of the life of Ben. Franklin, pleasantly paraphrased, by an apt and appreciative author; a wholesome book, in every sense, and especially appropriate as a holiday gift book. This story of Franklin loses none of its interest because of being written by an Englishman; on the contrary, gains something in value, in being free from the vulgarity and exaggeration which a countryman of such a man would be apt to fall into in writing his history. The book is elegantly printed, illustrated and bound, and will form a pleasant item in the collections of the beneficent Santa Claus.

THE AMERICAN DRAUGHT PLAYER; OR, THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF THE SCIENTIFIC GAME OF CHECKERS, SIMPLIFIED AND ILLUSTRATED WITH PRACTICAL DIAGRAMS, CONTAINING UPWARDS OF 1,700 GAMES AND POSITIONS. By HENRY SPAYTH, Buffalo, New York.

This is the title of a fine volume of 398 pages, clearly printed and well illustrated, which must be specially interesting to adepts as well as beginners in the domestic game of "Checkers." The instructions and rules which it contains are clear and concise, and altogether it is a capital handbook in its department.

LESSONS IN LIFE, A SERIES OF FAMILIAR ESSAYS, BY TIMOTHY TITCOMB. Charles Scribner, New York, 12mo., pp. 344.

These essays, by Dr. Holland, have vindicated their popularity with the public by running into the fifth edition, at a time when general literature is displaced by the grim actualities of "war and war's alarms." The lessons are short, practical and attractively written, embracing such subjects as "Moods and Frames of Minds," "Bodily Imperfections and Impediments," "The Rights of Women," "Undeveloped Resources," "Rural Life," "Men of One Idea," etc., etc., 24 in number. The work is elegantly printed, in keeping with the other works issued by the same publisher. A single passage from the "Lesson on Men of One Idea," will afford an average specimen of the style and tone of the book:

"This selection of a single idea from the great world of ideas to which the mind is vitally related, and making it food and drink, and motive and pivotal point of action, and supreme object of devotion, is mental and moral suicide. It makes that a despotic king which should be a tributary subject. It enslaves the soul to a base partisanship. It is right to make money, and it is right to be rich when wealth is won legitimately; but when money becomes the supreme object of a man's life, the soul starves as rapidly as the coffers are filled. It is right to be a temperance man and an anti-slavery man, and an advocate of any special Christian reform; but the effect of adopting any one of these reforms as the supreme object of a man's pursuit, never fails to belittle him. One of the most pitiable objects the world contains is a man of generous natural impulses grown sour, impatient, bitter, abusive, uncharitable and ungracious by devotion one idea, and the failure to impress it upon the world with the strength by which it possesses himself. Many of these fondly hug the delusion to themselves that they are martyrs, when, in fact, they are only suicides. Many of these look forward to the day when posterity will canonize them and lift them to the glory of those who were not received by their age because they were in advance of their age; they regard with contempt the pigmy world, wrap the mantles of their mortified pride about them, and lie down in a delusive dream of immortality."

THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL.

LAURA KEENE'S.—The "Seven Sons" have left this bijou of a theatre, and it is devoutly to be hoped that Cerberus will never again permit them to "revisit the glimpses of the moon." In their place two charming holiday plays, "Little Tom," adapted from Dickens's Christmas Carol, with Miss Keene herself as Little Tom, and "Robinson Crusoe," a spectacular burlesque—both particularly suited to the delectation of the young. Whoso takes not his children to see them is liable to the imputation of being a "cruel parent."

WINTER GARDEN.—At this popular theatre, after an engagement of extraordinary success, the Williams have been induced to remain another week, keeping on the approved popularities, spectacular and side-splitting, of the "Lakes of Killarney," "Paddy's Blunder" and the "Magic Joke."

WALLACK'S.—"She Stoops to Conquer," "London Assurance," "The School for Scandal," and other classicallities of the stage are announced for Wallack's, where they can be best reproduced, in personalities as in accessories, of any theatre in the country.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—Hermann still rules here with his enchanter's wand, obfuscating the curious, astonishing the wise, and pleasing everybody.

BOWERY THEATRE.—Stickney's National Circus, after many weeks of active preparation, is to present a new and original pantomime this week, got up with great labor and at immense cost. It was to have been produced on Christmas Day, but it was impossible to get it ready, and is consequently to be the feature for New Year's week. The equestrianism at this favorite resort is of the highest order, as is also the gymnastic performances by the excellent troupe. The audiences attending this time-honored establishment are of the most respectable class, and the house is generally well filled.

MUSIC ABROAD.—Frezziolini is concertizing in Paris.—Cortesi, Albertini and Gnone are all in Florence out of engagements.—Molique, the composer, died in Stuttgart on the 11th of November, in his 64th year.—La Grange has already sung in six different operas at Madrid. Betinal is singing on the same stage in the "Belle in Maschera."—The latest Parisian musical novelty is a young lady pianist from Florence, named Elvira Deblanque.—Donizetti's "Gemma Vergy" has been recently produced at the Apollo Theatre at Rome. It was in this opera that Barilli-Patti made her greatest success.—Alboni and Adelaide Phillips are announced to sing in the same opera—Donizetti's "Anna Bolena," in Paris. Battu and Belcort are the other performers.

PERSONAL.

LIEUT.-GEN. SCOTT, who lately went to Paris, with a view to a protracted residence, has returned home, it is supposed, in consequence of the new complications with England.

MAJOR SLEMMER, the gallant officer late in command at Fort Pickens, who has been seriously ill, is now convalescent, though much reduced, and has a fair prospect of recovery.

MRS. SARAH LARRABEE, an old lady residing in Rockville, Mass., has four sons, 17 grandsons and one great-grandson now in the Union army.

HON. ALFRED ELY, M.C. from the Rochester (N.Y.) district, who was captured at Bull Run, and since confined at Richmond, has been liberated, in exchange for Mr. Faulkner, and has reached Washington.

MAJOR-GEN. FREMONT still continues at the Astor House, remaining there quietly with his family and Capt. Tracy, of his staff. The various rumors to the effect that he has taken rooms in Washington, or that his movements, since his removal from command in Missouri, are of a miscellaneous rather than of a responsible character, are destitute of any foundation in fact. Gen. Fremont remains in the city by permission of the War Department, to attend to his private affairs, which have become somewhat deranged since his assumption of military duties, and which it is understood will require his attention for two weeks yet, subsequent to which period his movements have not as yet been determined on.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN POPE, who has recently distinguished himself in Missouri, is about 40 years of age, a native of Kentucky, and a graduate of West Point, which academy he entered in the year 1838. He graduated in 1842, and was appointed to the army from the State of Illinois, entering that service as a Brevet Second Lieutenant

of Topographical Engineers. He was engaged in Mexico, and was breveted a First Lieutenant for gallant and meritorious conduct in several conflicts at Monterey—the brevet bearing date from September 23, 1846. On the 23d of February, 1847, he was breveted Captain for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Buena Vista. On the 1st of July, 1856, he took the actual rank of Captain in the Corps of Topographical Engineers, and on the 17th of May, 1861, was made a Brigadier-General of Volunteers.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL SCHOEPPF, who is in command of one of the Divisions of the National army, in Kentucky, and who distinguished himself in the brilliant affair of "Camp Wild Cat," came to this country some years ago, entirely without means; and nothing better offering, he solicited and obtained a situation as porter in one of the leading hotels of New York. Subsequently he filled a similar situation in a hotel at Washington, where his unvarying politeness and industry brought him under the notice of Mr. Holt, who gave him an humble situation in the Patent Office. Here he was gradually tried on more important labors, which he performed in the most satisfactory manner. He was accordingly pushed forward whenever a favorable opportunity presented itself; and when Mr. Holt was transferred to the War Department, he took Schoepf with him. He was next intrusted with a survey in Virginia, which brought him under the observation of General Scott, who soon discovered his military education and acquirements. He was rapidly advanced, step by step, and was appointed a Brigadier-General and sent to protect the State of his benefactor, Mr. Holt, from invasion.

HERMANN AND DR. RUSSELL, B. R. B. (BULL RUN BRITON.)

THE following story is told of Bull Run Russell and the Prestidigitateur. During the stay of the latter in Washington he supped with the "Hero of a Hundred Lies," who naturally enough doubted the stories told of Hermann's skill, whereupon the Man of the Black Art invited him to accompany him next morning to the market. The invitation was accepted, and the parties duly made their appearance at the market on Pennsylvania avenue, when an excitement was created among the market women which will not soon be forgotten.

"What's the price of this chicken?" asked Hermann of the keeper of a poultry stall.

"Half a dollar."

"Is it young and tender?"

"No better in the market."

"Well, I just want to see," replied the prestidigitateur, and taking the fluttering bird in his hands he deliberately twisted off its head. As the crimson stream flowed from its neck the enraged poultry woman demanded immediate payment.

"Oh, I don't want the chicken; it don't suit me."

"But I insist on your taking the chicken," replied the woman, "you have spoiled it now."

"What are you talking about?" answered Hermann; "there is nothing the matter with the bird," and taking it back in his hands in a few moments the chicken had his head on again, and, flapping his wings, appeared as lively as ever. The poor woman was so bewildered and astonished that, looking at Hermann, she said, "You must be the devil," and quitting her stand she bolted out of the market.

Williams's store was next visited, and it was resolved to test the freshness of his eggs.

"Are they warranted good, and how much a dozen?" quoth the Professor. The price was named and the warranty given.

"Well, let us see," And saying this, Hermann broke one of the eggs from which flowed, instead of the yolk, a stream of golden coin much to the astonishment of Mr. Williams, and the crowd which had by this time been collected, who became so excited that Hermann and his party quietly slipped away, leaving them to argue the point whether the prestidigitateur was man or devil. Dr. Russell was convinced, and admitted that Hermann was the greatest prestidigitatorial artist the world had ever seen.

HUMORS OF THE WAR.

WHY THE "ONE WHITE MAN" REMAINED IN BEAUFORT.—To get a sight at the Yankee likers.

"APT ALLITERATION'S ARTFUL AID." The following dialogue was spoken in Virginia a few days ago:

Colonel—Major, what did you discover with that glass near that clump of trees?

Major—A regiment of ragged rascals revelling round the rebel rag, sir.

AN exchange noticed "a lady in our streets, recently, arrayed in the national colors, and she created quite a sensation. She had red hair, blue eyes, and a snow-white neck. It is said she is for the Union."

DAVIS'S STRAITS.—Between Richmond and Nashville.

GOVERNMENT SINKING FUND.—The appropriation for the Stone Fleet.

JOHN SLIDELL'S FATHER was a tallow chandler, and this, probably, is the reason his son is so wicked.

QUITE LIKELY.—It is said that many of our troops have been infamously shot, as well as infamously shodded.

THE branch of culture most popular with the F. F. V.'s.—Haughty culture.

GEN. JIM LANE told this story in his recent speech at Boston: "I have half a mind to relate an anecdote to show how the slaveholders cling to their property. [Voices—Do it; do it.] Well, I will. We were marching to Springfield—I was in the rear of the column—when I was informed by one of my men that a woman in great distress wanted to see me. I told him to bring her to me, and he did. She was a big, brawny woman, fat and over forty, and was crying. I asked her what the matter was. She said, 'My two sons have joined the Confederate army, and now your soldiers have taken my two niggers.' Said I, 'My good woman, that is not the worst thing that could happen to you. I am on the track of your sons, and I shall probably catch them in a day or two, and hang them.' [Laughter.] She threw her arms about my neck and said: 'General Lane, you may do what you want with my sons, if you'll only return the niggers.' [Great laughter.] I disengaged myself from her embrace, but didn't promise to return her niggers."

THE Woburn (Mass.) Budget relates the following: "We have heard of many patriotic offers, but of nothing which will equal the following: A lady of uncertain age in a neighboring town having a pair of pillow-ticks which had been handed down from generation to generation, offered if any one would find feathers to fill them (even turkey feathers), to give one of them to the soldiers, reserving the other for her own use."

THE war began with the return, by our troops, of fugitive slaves to their masters. At Beaufort the thing is changed. The fugitive masters are now being delivered up by their slaves. By the following, it will be seen that the latter have begun to advertise their runaway owners.

REWARD.—Run away from me on the 7th of this month, my massa Julian Rhett. Massa Rhett an five feet seven inches high, big shoulders, brack har, curly shaggy whiskers, low forehead an' dark face. He make big fuss when he go 'mong de gemmen, he talk ver big, and use de name of de Lord all ob de time. Calls hisself 'Suddern gemmen,' but I suppose will try now to pass hisself off as a brack man or mulatter. Massa Rhett has a deep scar on his shoulder from a fight, scratch 'cross de left eye, made by my Dinah when he tried to whip her. He neber look people in de face. I mor dan spec he will make track for Bergen county, in de furrin land of Jarsey, whar I imagine he hab a few friends. I will gib \$400 for him if alive, an' \$500 if anybody show him dead. If he cum back to his kind niggers without much trouble, dis chile will receive him lubbubly.

Beaufort, S. C., Nov. 9, 1861.

SAMBO RHETT.

A COLUMBUS correspondent of the Richmond Dispatch relates the following device resorted to in camp to get a supply of brandy: "One of our Generals had been very frequently applied to with requisitions *Spiritus Vini Gallici*, the abbreviation, *Spir. Vini Gal.*, only being used, and the General not knowing what was meant, but supposing that the applicants (surgeons, of course,) only wanted some kind of medicine, granted every application. He applied to the medical purveyor to know why he had not supplied the army with this *Spir. Vini Gal.*, and why so many requisitions had to be made for the article. 'Well, I'll be damned!' said the purveyor, 'I've just found out how so much liquor has been finding its way into our army; it is upon your signing requisitions for French brandy!' And the doctor had his laugh heartily at the cruel expense of the General."

A PROMISING OFFICER.—I am captin of the Baldinsville Company. I riz gradually but majestically from drummer's secrets to my present position. But I found the ranks wasn't full by no means and commenced for to recruit. Havin' not a general desire on the part of young men who are into the crisis to wear epyllits, I determined to have my company composed exclusively of officers, everybody to rank as brigadier-general. The following was among the various questions which I put to recruits: Do you know a masked battery from a hunk of gingerbread? Do you know a epyllit from a piece of chalk? If I trust you with a real gun, how many men of your own company do you spec you can manage to kill durin the war? Have you ever heard of Ginnal Price of Missouri, and can you avoid similar accidents in case of battle? Hav you ever had the measles; and if so, how many? How air you now? Show me your tongue, etc. Some of the questions were sarcastical.

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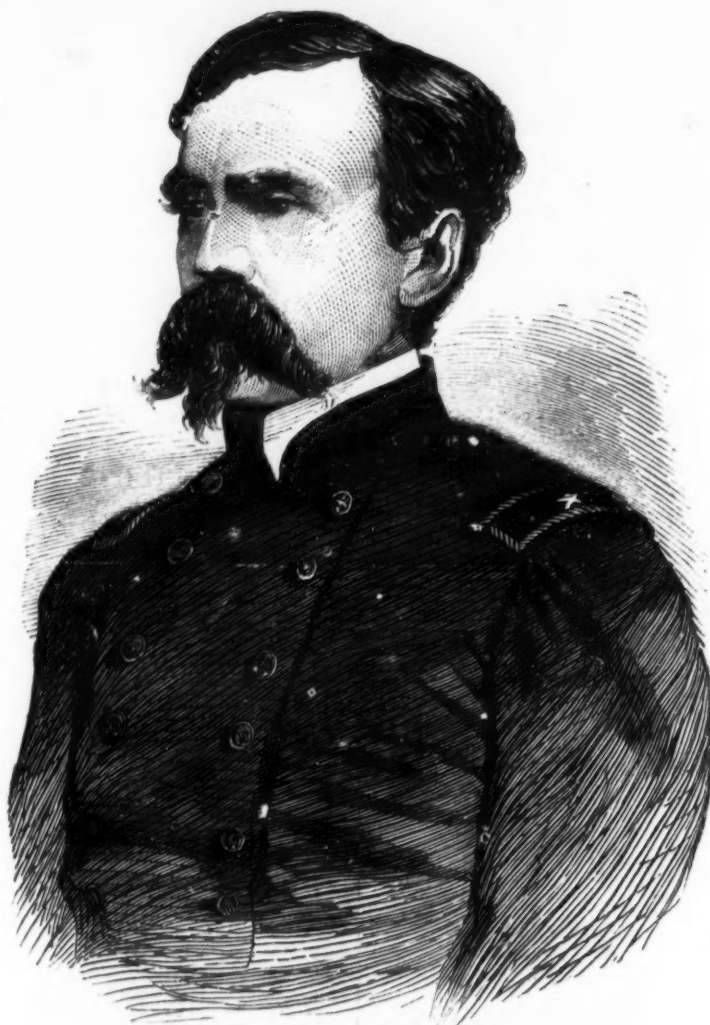
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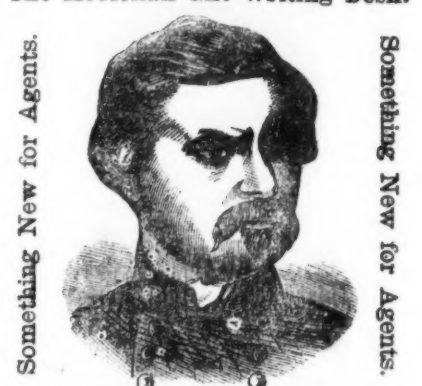
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